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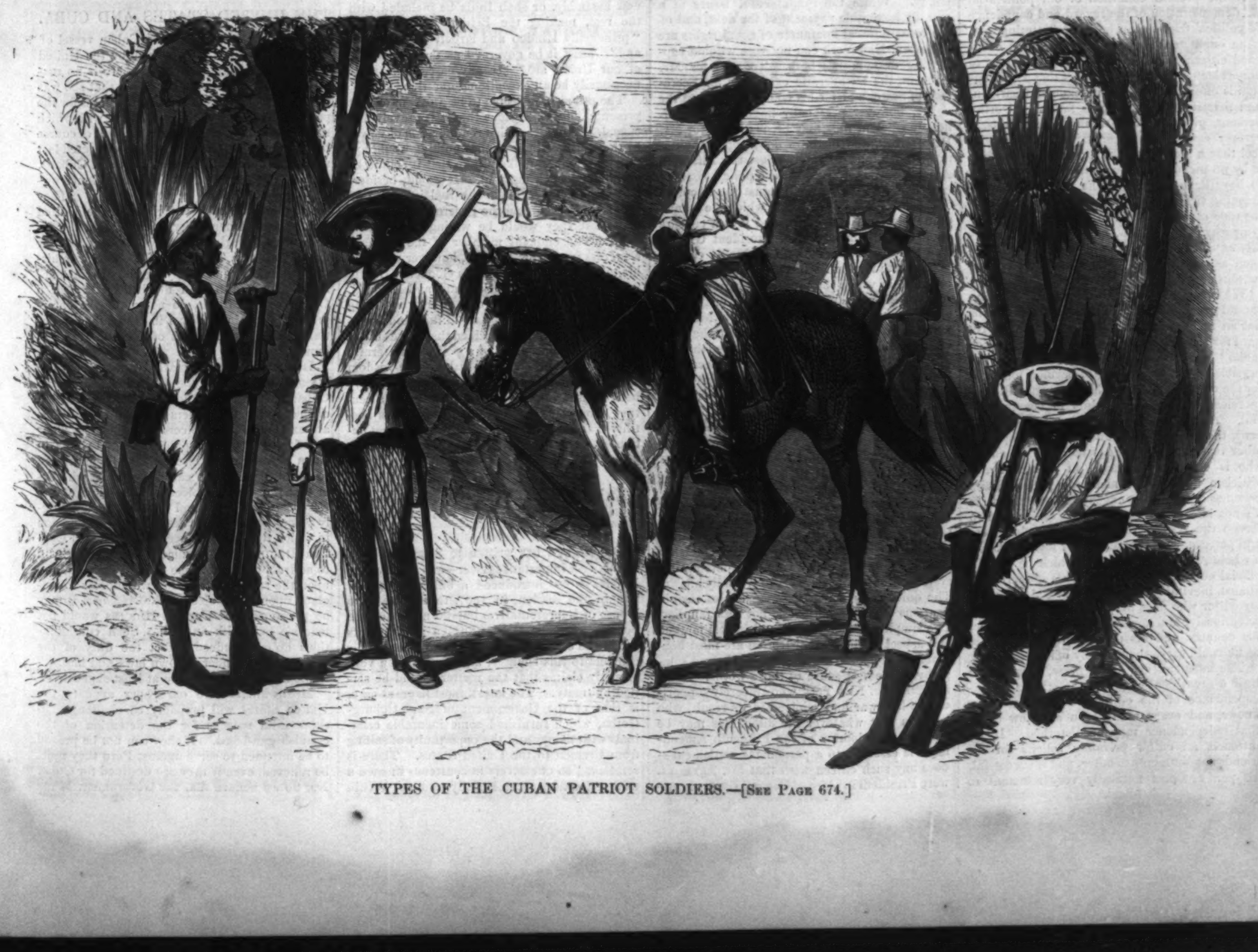
LORD AND LADY BYRON.

LORD BYRON.

LADY BYRON.

In his prime — between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-eight — Byron was undoubtedly one of the handsomest men that ever lived. His head, though beautifully shaped, was indeed somewhat too small for his body. Out of a whole regiment of soldiers there was only one who could wear his hat. In his youth he was very fat. At eighteen he weighed 207 pounds; but this tendency to obesity disappeared as he came to manhood. His height was five feet eight and a half inches, and his usual weight about 175 pounds. He was long and strong of limb; and, notwithstanding his slight lameness, was a proficient in athletic exercises. He was a magnificent swimmer, a clever boxer, a good cricketer, and a fair pedestrian. The defect in one of his feet has been greatly exaggerated. At his birth—owing, as he affirmed, to the "prudishness" of his mother—one foot was twisted out of its position, and so much distorted that in his childhood it amounted to a noticeable deformity. But in the course of time, by the use of an apparatus contrived for that purpose, the foot was brought to its proper position, and was perfectly well-shaped, only it was an inch shorter than the other; but it remained comparatively weak, and at times gave him intense pain. The weakness was mainly in the sole, but extended somewhat to the ankle and the muscles of the calf. At the age of fifteen he writes that he had just been able to wear a common boot upon this limb. Nothing was apparent of the defect but a slight lameness, amounting only to a scarcely noticeable limp. So slight was this that it is even now uncertain which was the limb affected. Moore was wholly unable to decide from his own recollections; but after inquiring of those who knew him when a boy, who remembered that it was the "off leg which limped as he walked up the street," he decided that it was the right one. Jackson, his teacher of pugilism, came to the same decision by calling to mind whether he was a right or left hand hitter. Moreover, if Moore is to be credited, the shoemaker who worked for Byron for years stated that it was the right foot. But that same shoemaker has furnished a written certificate that it was the left foot; and this is confirmed by the Countess Guiccioli. The strength of his limbs, and the soundness and capacity of his lungs, are shown by the fact that he could swim for three or four hours without touching bottom. Until he had impaired his constitution by his excesses in Italy, he seems never to have known what sickness was. In the ordinary course of nature he ought to have overpassed fourscore, and been alive to-day. During the last five or six years of his life his early tendency to obesity returned, and he became decidedly fat; while, owing to his entire abstinence from exercise, except on horse-

MARRIAGE SIGNATURES OF LORD AND LADY BYRON, January 2, 1815.



TYPES OF THE CUBAN PATRIOT SOLDIERS.—[See Page 674.]

back, his limbs became so much shrunken that TRELAWNEY, who stole a view of the corpse, averred that both legs were shriveled from the knee downward. The portrait which we give is from the picture which is acknowledged to be the best likeness of BYRON in his best state, just before his marriage. The portrait of Lady BYRON is from a picture painted some years later. She sat for this picture for the express purpose that it should be used as an illustration for an edition of BYRON'S poems; and it was so used, of course, with her express knowledge and consent.

TYPES OF CUBAN SOLDIERS.

THE illustration on our first page, "Types of Cuban Patriot Soldiers," is principally interesting from the fact that it shows the importance of the negro element in the Cuban revolutionary army. It must be remembered that these negro soldiers are not fighting for the freedom of Cuba alone, but for their own also.

THE FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

IF it be true or no
That luck's in a four-leaved clover,
As the old stories go,
This night I mean to discover.

Ankle-deep in the dew
(With thoughts too sweet to be spoken),
I searched the grass-plot through
Till I found the fairy token.

Shyly hiding from sight
The nodding grasses under;
I brought it forth to the light—
Here is my four-leaved wonder!

A small affair, if you scan
Its outward presence merely,
To thrill the heart of a man
With the hope that he holds most dearly.

But love has its mystic lore—
You may name it superstition—
And hope is the open door,
Sometimes, to a sweet fruition.

One thing this night shall show,
Or call me no true lover—
If it be false or no
That luck's in a four-leaved clover!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1869.

In November will be commenced "MAN AND WIFE," *a new Serial Story, splendidly Illustrated, by* WILKIE COLLINS *(Author of* "The Woman in White," "No Name," "Armadale," *and* "The Moonstone"). *New Subscribers will be supplied with* HARPER'S WEEKLY *from the commencement of the Story to the end of 1870 for* $4 00.

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE DUTIES.

IN the present condition of our politics no demonstration of the regard and confidence of political friends can be more flattering, and none ought to be more persuasive with every good citizen, than the unsolicited summons to honorable office. The very fact that a nomination is often the result of intrigue and bargain, and that it does not always fall upon worthy persons, gives it, when wholly spontaneous, a certain commanding authority. Those who feel that a man who asks for an elective office is by no means necessarily the one who ought to have it, and that it is the duty of all well-meaning citizens to do what they can to elevate the tone of politics, and to engage in them the sympathy of the best men, naturally and properly expect that no man will refuse a summons such as we describe without the most serious reasons.

We cordially agree with this view. Nothing should persuade a man to decline the summons but an honorable and therefore imperative regard for existing duties and engagements which make the right discharge of the new duties impossible, or a consciousness of peculiar unfitness for the office. Either of these reasons will justly release him from the duty of obeying the call. And in this country, when, as often happens, the call comes to an editor, perhaps another reason may be suggested. If an editor who is constantly engaged in comment and criticism upon public men and public affairs becomes a part of the executive government, is he not laid under the strongest temptation to forego the frank treatment of all public acts and persons, whether national or local? Upon a whole range of topics with which he has an official connection, would not his observations almost inevitably be suspected? And is not an editor who does his duty intelligently, conscientiously, and courteously serving his State, his country, and his party quite as efficiently as he could serve them in any office?

The independence of the press, of which we hear a great deal of proud rhetoric, is the independence of the editor. But every editor knows, and every reader can see, how easily that independence may be disturbed. If, for instance, an editor privately solicits for his friends appointments to office, and is successful, his pen becomes naturally very reluctant to censure the appointing power. On the other hand, the appointing power, in fear of newspaper hostility, is sorely tempted to appoint the editor's candidate, even if he does not appear to be altogether worthy. Indeed, to preserve the strict and unsuspected independence of the press, and therefore to enable it to fulfill its real function in our political society, the editor must carefully avoid every thing that creates personal political obligation. By keeping himself free from "entangling alliances" he maintains his highest authority, his best influence.

Yet not the less grateful is the generous call of political friendship which summons him to other duties. If he can not listen to it, he can never forget it. It inspires him to more faithful endeavor. It stimulates him to prove both that the confidence was not misplaced, and that his decision was as wise as it was unavoidable.

NEW YORK TO THE RESCUE!

THE State elections in the year following a Presidential campaign are often languid. There is a reaction from the national effort of the previous year, which is generally most seriously felt by the successful party. Of course this is peculiarly true if that party is one which, like the Republican, includes the more intelligent and independent voters; for such men are more impatient of strict party discipline, and are willing to express dissatisfaction by staying at home. Yet it is at these elections that the friends of the successful administration ought to appear in force, that they may encourage and support it. They should remember that there is another inevitable reaction following a victory in the national election, and arising from the disappointment which some portion of the party can not help feeling. No administration goes far enough in some ways for some of its friends, and it goes a great deal too far in other ways to satisfy others. A sensible man, therefore, who understands the duties and responsibilities of a citizen, will consider whether, upon the whole, he thinks the administration should be abandoned by its friends; and if he decides that it should not, he will know that the very nature of our politics demands an active and positive support.

The way to give this support is to vote for the candidates and the principles of the party, when they are both unexceptionable. In this State no Republican will urge any conclusive personal objection against any of the candidates upon the ticket. Men of higher personal character or of purer official reputation are not often presented by any Convention in any State. In the hands of such men, even if their political sympathies were unknown, the interests and honor of the State would be secure. But they are, also, the representatives of the principles upon which alone the country can hope to establish peace and to attain the highest welfare. Necessarily, and for reasons that we have before stated, the election in the State is the expression of sympathy with a national policy. While the fundamental issues of a morally honorable payment of the debt, and of the constitutional guarantee of equal rights are still open, New York can not vote without supporting or opposing both. To vote for Mr. NELSON, the Democratic candidate for Secretary of State, and for his companions upon the ticket, however personally honorable and officially efficient they may be, is to vote for Mr. PENDLETON, and to throw doubt upon the national faith, and to vote against the Fifteenth Amendment as a just and wise policy.

It is a vote, moreover, against the adoption of the new State Constitution, which the Democratic platform condemns, and it is a censure upon the administration of President GRANT. The State of New York undoubtedly cast its honest vote for him. But a stupendous system of fraud, at which the present Governor HOFFMAN, by his proclamation as Mayor of the city, connived, apparently gave the vote to Mr. SEYMOUR. There is no doubt whatever in the mind of any candid man who has investigated the subject that enormous frauds were practiced, and almost exclusively by the Democratic party, and not without the knowledge of many of its recognized leaders. The effort to defraud the honest voters of the State will, of course, be renewed this year. Is it a time for those voters to look listlessly on, and, because General GRANT is elected, suppose it to be of no importance whether New York sustains him or not?

During the seven months of President GRANT'S administration the public debt has been decreased by nearly fifty-seven millions of dollars. The greater vigor and efficiency which he has introduced into our contemptible system of the civil service are universally known. The quiet and efficient maintenance of our obligations to other nations is not less familiar. The simple, unostentatious, and honest method and aspect of his administration are most honorable, and appeal to American pride and sympathy in the best sense of those words. Does any citizen of New York who sincerely supported the late war and rejoiced in its result, who believes that whatever the difficulties may be yet that the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment is essential to a permanent settlement—does any such citizen wish that Mr. SEYMOUR were President in place of General GRANT? Allowing, as we must allow in all administrations, that every appointment has not been what it should have been, is it therefore desirable that the essential honesty, ability, and lofty purpose of the administration should be condemned?

It is a plain alternative. To vote for the Democratic ticket is to vote that it is a pity that SEYMOUR and BLAIR were not elected President and Vice-President, and the policy of Mr. PENDLETON was not made the financial policy of the country. Do we wish to keep these questions of dishonor and of injustice rankling in our politics forever? Does not New York stand by the war and its settlement? Is not New York resolved upon peace and upon the only conceivable conditions of peace? She said so last year, and her voice was stifled. Let her say so this year in a tone that no gag of fraud can choke.

THE BRITISH UNITED STATES.

TENNYSON'S "federation of the world" seems to be passing into the vision of practical politicians. Mr. CARDWELL, the British Secretary of War, in a late speech, alluding to the impracticability of a longer continuance of the British colonial government system, soared into prophetic flights, and exclaimed, "When the time comes, and England calls for the support of her colonies, there will be a confederation such as the world never saw under a single sovereign." This idea is elaborated elsewhere in England, and there is undoubtedly in the minds of some Englishmen a splendid fancy of a vast consolidation of all the dependencies of the crown into an invincible imperial league. India, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, the West Indian British islands, bound in a common interest, ruled by a common Parliament, and taxed by equal laws—that is, a British United States. This is the fancy, and Mr. CARDWELL'S speech merely hints at the possibility. It says, "How excellent such a plan would be, even if we can't exactly see how it can be!"

Yet, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* truly observes, in such a league the power of the sovereign and the Parliament of the United Kingdom to declare war for which Australia would be taxed, must necessarily be modified. That implies another kind of assembly truly representative of the whole empire—an imperial Parliament, by the side of which the present body would dwindle into a secondary importance, like our State Legislatures by the side of Congress. How should such a Parliament be elected, where should it meet, what should be its powers? Its powers must of course be defined in a written Constitution; and there must, therefore, be a Supreme Court to interpret the definition, and subordinate imperial courts to administer the law so interpreted. This, under different names, is the American system. Then comes another inevitable question, the relation of India to the united empire. Shall its government be left as it is, or committed to the new assembly, or shall India be included with the rest, making the British United States "principally Hindoo and largely Mohammedan?" Must it be governed as the Territories of our Union are? In any case, India must necessarily be an exceptional question.

The proposition seems to be a dream only at present; but it is curious that it is gravely discussed. It implies such a renunciation of power by the United Kingdom that nothing would appear to be more unlikely than that it should be entertained for a moment. It would, besides, be very difficult to make the real influence of the smaller parts upon the general policy so evident that they would be willing to take the risks. The eminent member of the imperial Congress from New Zealand, however powerful his talents and persuasive his eloquence, would find that Australia, and Scotland, and England, with Malta and Cape Town, were too strong for him. Yet a mere dream of this kind is prophetic. It is something gained that there should be even the conception of a political fraternity so cosmopolitan. A very little of the wisdom that contemplates this possibility, could it have been infused into the British counsels of a century ago, would have avoided the jealous hostility that has so long divided the two great nations of the same origin, traditions, and language.

TRANSPORTATION OF FOREIGN CONVICTS TO THE UNITED STATES.

DR. LIEBER has written to Secretary FISH upon a very important subject—one upon which Mr. RAYMOND introduced a bill in Congress, late in the session, in 1867, that passed the House of Representatives but did not reach the Senate. It appears that foreign governments are in the occasional habit of transporting their convicts to this country, and Dr. LIEBER very properly claims that the matter should be settled by treaty. The latest, most flagrant case, is that of the Government of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, which furnished some incurable criminals with money and the opportunity of sailing from Bremen to the United States. There is something so offensively uncourteous in such a transaction that it seems hardly credible. Would any members of the Government of that duchy, as private gentlemen, throw rags infected with pestilence over the fence into their neighbors' gardens? Yet this is what they officially do, when they send criminals to this country. If they can not manage their criminals, why do they pretend to be a Government? and what would be the condition of civilized states if each should make the other a penal colony?

Dr. LIEBER states that about a year ago the Prison Society of New York received a letter from an officer of the prisons in England asking whether some arrangement might not be made by which we should receive a certain class of English convicts who had served a certain part of their penal term, and who promised well; and Sir JAMES GRAHAM, when Home Secretary, made a rule that every convict who had behaved well during two-thirds of his imprisonment should be pardoned upon condition of quitting England. Of course they would come to this country. But the supply of that kind of population from Europe does not seem to require the stimulus of a premium. It is pleasant to know, however, that this kind of transportation is done clandestinely, and is denied when directly charged, for it shows a consciousness of its impropriety. But the custom remains, and its origin is evident. It springs from the old selfish doctrine and practice of national law. States acknowledged what may be called legal and treaty obligations toward each other, but not moral obligations in the true and generous sense.

The remedy, therefore, is as plain as the custom and its origin. It is to be sought in another and better principle, which Dr. LIEBER happily expresses: "The modern law of nations is founded first of all on the principle of good neighborhood." The perception and declaration of such a principle show the immense and beneficent progress of public sentiment. This principle conceives nations as a fraternity, not as a league of naturally hostile tribes. It gives significance to the phrase, the family of nations. It confesses a common sympathy, a common interest, and is an unexpected and none the less cheering proclamation of the consciousness that God has made of one blood all the nations of the earth. Dr. LIEBER proposes, first, that we should stipulate by treaty that every attempted exportation of convicts to our shores will be considered a grave offense against the law of nations; and, second, that the captains and owners of the importing vessels shall be heavily fined for introducing convicts, which shall be returned whence they came at the expense of the Government. This was the substance of Mr. RAYMOND'S bill. He further suggests that after such a law is passed, and in the absence of treaties, the Government of the United States should proclaim that it regards such exportation as an unfriendly act.

The subject is one that deserves consideration and action, and which the Doctor treats with his accustomed point and force.

THE UNITED STATES AND CUBA.

THE *Hornet*, otherwise the Cuban vessel of war the *Cuba*, has been seized by the United States at Wilmington. If, as there is no reasonable doubt, it should be proved that she was equipped from ports of the United States for the purpose of making war upon a Power with which the United States are at peace, she will of course be condemned. Our markets, as we stated last week, are open both to Spaniards and Cubans. But the latter are not yet an independent Power. They have no recognized flag. They must, therefore, take the risks of the United States' laws of neutrality, which forbid the fitting out of warlike expeditions against our friendly allies. The facts of a Cuban commission, therefore, and of flying the "lone star" flag, and of calling an illegitimate cruiser a Cuban vessel of war, do not make the enterprise of Captain HIGGINS in September essentially different from that of Captain RYAN in June.

It is not the least remarkable fact about the attempt to entangle the United States in the Cuban movement by hostile expeditions from our ports that the leaders of these expeditions are ex-Confederate officers and soldiers. Their zeal for liberty and republican equal rights in Cuba or any where else we may be permitted to doubt. But there can be no doubt whatever that those who rejoiced in the escape of the *Alabama* from Liverpool would not unwillingly place the United States in the same position in which that escape placed England. If Captain HIGGINS'S performances should cause Spain to address to us the same kind of demand, and upon the same ground, that we address to England upon the subject of the *Alabama*, it may be presumed that Captain HIGGINS would not tear his hair with anguish. Such considerations do not, indeed, affect the duty of the United States under its own laws and international comity, but they are at least suggestive.

Meanwhile, before our paper appears, the United States will probably be challenged to show valid reasons for the detention of the Spanish gun-boats. If they can not be proved to be intended to serve against Peru they must be relieved, even if they are destined for Cuba. Nor do we believe that the Government of the

United States will regard that fact as sufficient reason for recognizing Cuban belligerency or independence. It is not the vigor and skill with which Spain attempts to maintain her authority, but the force and success with which Cuba resists, that supply the grounds of recognition. Our laws, our traditions, our honorable obligations, beside the moral duties of sincere revolutionists, were, or should have been, fully known to the Cuban chiefs.

It is now stated in the *Tribune*, apparently with authority, that General SICKLES has withdrawn the offer of mediation that he made to the Spanish Government, and also that the offer, although declined, was received in the most friendly spirit. It is further reported in the *World*, whose correspondent is probably the President's confidant, that General GRANT is satisfied with every word of General SICKLES's note, including the threat. Then there was a threat. And the Spanish Government received it in the most friendly spirit! It is a comfort that in the vast and conflicting murmur of rumor a man may hear any thing that he wishes to hear. For ourselves, until otherwise informed, we do not believe that the United States have threatened Spain, nor that General GRANT is a Captain Bobadil. But we do believe that the Government has offered mediation upon honorable grounds, and we trust that it will renew the offer. We feel also very confident that the United States will not recognize Cuban belligerency until the facts authorize and compel such action.

TRADE AND THE CROPS.

TRADE during the past week has suffered from apprehensions produced by the gold speculations, from the difficulties attending the transportation of goods over lines injured by the great storm, and also from the belief that as the time approached for using extensively the new crop of cotton its price would fall, and carry with it some kinds of domestic goods. The price of some fine shirtings and some prints has been slightly reduced, and perhaps during this week a farther reduction may occur; but as no general panic followed the disturbance in Wall Street, and stocks are low throughout the country, large sales are still expected in all departments of business.

So far as our crops are concerned, immense loss has been suffered from the drought which prevailed all along the Atlantic coast, and from recent storms. The two installments we have had of the equinoctial storm broke the drought and supplied a little pasturage; but the important wheat-growing States of the Northwest complain, and no doubt truly, of serious damage to wheat. The settlement of the Northwest has been so recent that farmers are not well provided with barns, and as many of them expect to thresh their wheat immediately after it is made into cocks, so as to avoid stacking, they were caught by the great rain-storm in the midst of this process. Their true policy, instead of straining a point to buy more land, which is the general tendency, is to erect barns to save their grain.

The loss on the two crops will diminish the amount exported to foreign countries, which will be unfortunate not only for us, but for them. England is now supplying herself largely with wheat from this country. The No. 2 Red Western is wanted for her laboring population, and the dry and crisp wheat of California is needed to mix with English wheat, which this year is damp, owing to rains in harvest time and the general moisture of the climate. The English crop of 1868 was flinty, owing to the drought which prevailed in England.

The considerable excess in the quantity of wheat taken from us by England for the year ending September 1 over any previous year, is explained on the ground that the English harvest this year was expected to be defective before it was gathered. To the drought of 1868, however, the English want is largely due. England is compelled now to buy from this country, inasmuch as she will require probably for the year ending the first of September, 1870, seventy million bushels of wheat over and above what her own fields produce. The admitted defective crops in Russia and other wheat producing regions in Europe, and what is known of the crops in this country, will induce her to store more grain than in 1868-'69. Last year the whole population was living from hand to mouth, as there was more confidence in the ability to obtain supplies than is now felt.

The grain dealers of Europe spread themselves over the whole world to purchase wheat and corn at the lowest prices. They obtain the most exact information of the excess which each market may have to sell, and operate with a view to command the most important markets by first draining the weaker ones, which are induced to sell low from fear of the ultimate competition of the largest growers.

The information obtained in the United States of the grain crops of other countries is derived mainly from English sources, and they reach us impressed with the tone which interest prompts. Our farmers are consequently at the mercy of those who skillfully avoid purchasing from us until prices are forced down to English limits. There is but one mode of remedying this difficulty which subjects this great interest in the United States to the loss of millions annually.

Our Consular system should be used to collect statistics from all other countries of the crops and productions which come into competition in the markets of the world with our own. The statements of the Agricultural Bureau at Washington of our crops of cotton and grain, as compared with those of the previous year, are regarded as reliable and valuable. Foreign countries are thus informed of the quantity of our productions, but we have no statistics of what others produce to put our dealers on equality with the foreigner.

During the period when our commerce was active the Consular system was extremely beneficial; but as our commerce was destroyed during the war, and is not yet rebuilt, no better employment can be given to the consuls of the United States than to devote them to this service. For this purpose it would be expedient to appoint Americans, and have them instructed to examine diligently and report fully on this subject. The English have an interest the deepest that can exist to have the most exact knowledge of the condition of all food-exporting countries, as they annually expend about five hundred millions of dollars—measured in our currency—for food for domestic consumption; and the success of their competition with France and Germany in manufacturing industry depends largely on what may be saved in this foreign expenditure. But as our imports exceed our exports, and the balance has been settled by bonds which will be held over us for years, it is not only expedient but necessary that we shall have that knowledge of the productions of other countries that will enable us to meet the foreigner on fair terms.

This is the more necessary, as other states in Europe are by the growth of population gradually reaching the condition of England when they will be added to the list of customers for our productions.

The wheat area in the United States is gradually receding from the Atlantic on account of the habit common to most new populations of severe and rapid exhaustion of the soil. Successive crops of wheat are taken, and nothing is returned to the land, as it is cheaper for the time being to break up new prairie than undergo the expense of enrichment. The burden of costly transportation is thus placed upon the consumer on the sea-board and abroad, which affects our power to compete in the English market with other growers. But in wasting the inheritance of rich lands without strengthening the condition of the country in other respects, we sacrifice the most important interests. Our ability to pay our public debt must depend in great part upon the reasonable use of our great natural facilities. It is a crime injurious not only to us but to the world at large to exhaust the soil of its strength, and it should be punished by penal laws.

If our lands are cultivated on the plan of keeping up their strength, the foreigner will be obliged to pay the same profit upon what is thus raised as he pays now on a plan of exhaustion. The farmer now throws in this annual loss, and ultimately squanders his estate. The old portions of the Union, unable to compete in grain-growing with the West, are driven into other forms of cultivation; but he who makes his land produce two blades of grass where only one grew before constitutes an exception to the general rule.

We urge upon the Government at Washington to secure the establishment of a Bureau in one of the Departments charged with the duty of spreading before our people the most exact knowledge of the extent of the crops abroad. We have reached the condition when our resources must be made available for meeting great burdens, and we are satisfied that the industry of the country will be greatly benefited by being able to measure the wants of foreign countries with as much precision as they can use in ascertaining our productions.

NOTES.

IT is one of the most significant of recent facts that what is called the "Conservative" party in Mississippi—which means the Democrats and late Confederates—have nominated a colored citizen for Secretary of State, who accompanies Judge DENT in his stumping tour. It shows that one of the tendencies of the Republican policy of reconstruction is to destroy the barrier of color, and make it necessary for politicians to propitiate the new citizens. Ten years ago, we may presume, the Conservative Democratic cause in Mississippi would not have been strengthened by the candidacy of a colored man. But we remind Mr. THOMAS SINCLAIR, the candidate in question, that however his nomination may prove the progress of public sentiment, yet the political allies of those who vote for him in Mississippi deny his race equal rights in New York and Pennsylvania, and oppose those rights every where in the country. Those who vote for him would gladly vote that he should have no vote.

THE HON. E. G. SPAULDING, who was Chairman of the Sub-committee upon Ways and Means in the House of Representatives during most of the financial legislation of the war, has prepared a very complete and valuable "Financial History of the War"—a subject which the historians of the rebellion have very insufficiently treated. Mr. SPAULDING's work is a most serviceable manual, fully indexed, and containing an ample sketch of all the plans, debates, opinions, and laws in relation to the subject. Naturally the author is somewhat prominent in his work, for he was a conspicuous figure in the legislation he describes. But nowhere else will the student find such a collection of important facts and documents as in this history, which is published in Buffalo by the Express Printing Company.

MR. COX, a member of the late Democratic Convention in Minnesota, said to his brethren in that body: "For a long time we have been fighting the nigger, and we have got whipped. We have had nigger thrust at us until we are black in the face. The nigger has been a curse, and I am tired of him. He has filled our belly full, and taken our legs off—short!" In other words, he has done to the Democratic party precisely what that party has tried to do to him. And Mr. COX might have added with truth that any party in this country which outrages human nature and opposes human rights will, sooner or later, in his own phrase, have its legs taken off—short.

A COMMITTEE of the new Board of Education in the city of New York propose to provide for the instruction of forty thousand more children than now attend the schools, and with a reduction of $800,000 upon the school expenses of last year. This is to be done by consolidation of departments, by the establishment of a daily normal school for the fourteen hundred pupils who are now in the supplementary classes of the grammar schools, and by other minor modifications. The Board has taken time to reflect. This is not unnatural: as a plan which proposes an immense increase of school facilities with a reduction of nearly a third of the current expense seems to accuse the recent management of incompetency, or of something else.

EVEN the *World* is aghast at the summary exclusion of Republicans as inspectors and canvassers at the polls in Brooklyn. But it is certainly not a surprising action. A party which could gravely carry on the enormous system of naturalization and other frauds which were notorious at the election in this city last year, and which directed its subordinates in the rural districts to report promptly what majority was required, would not hesitate to take entire possession of the ballot-boxes. There remains but one more step to be taken to complete the Democratic election system in the city of New York, and that is, to prevent the Republicans from voting at all. That eminent Democratic chief, JAMES M. MASON, took this ground upon occasion of voting for secession in Virginia. He rather plainly suggested that any body who was so insane as to vote against secession should be shot. Tammany need not, however, be at the expense of powder and shot. It knows a more pacific and effectual way. We appeal to Mr. TILDEN whether the forbidding of Republicans to vote, as well as to count the votes and oversee the counting, would not make him as "serene" over the Democratic prospect as he was in September, 1868, when the news came from Maine? It certainly would be in accord with the other practices of the party that so profoundly respects the will of the people.

THE *Evening Post* gives the following notice of our neighbor, the *Bazar*: "Late numbers of *Harper's Bazar* show the unflagging zeal with which the proprietors and editorial staff maintain the interest and variety of its general contents. This paper has already attained an immense circulation and unexampled popularity; but the exertions of all engaged upon it are such as would indicate a seeking after success on the part of new candidates for public favor. The young lady who buys a single number of it is made a subscriber for life."

Captain C. F. HALL, who has lately returned from the arctic regions, with new information concerning the fate of the expedition of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN, gave an interesting account of his discoveries before the Geographical Society in this city, on the evening of October 7. Captain HALL, it is expected, will soon give a public lecture in this city, with full details of his late expedition, and will also exhibit the relics which he found in King William's Land.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE President has proclaimed November 18 to be a day of National Thanksgiving.

The Virginia Legislature was convened October 5. On the 8th both Houses ratified the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. In the House there were only six votes against them, and in the Senate only four against the Fourteenth and two against the Fifteenth, one of the latter being a colored Republican Senator, who declined voting because the Legislature was illegal. The Legislature, by joint resolution, then adjourned till October 18.

The Spanish steamer *Euterpe* took her clearance from this port for Havana October 9.

Our national debt is $2,450,000,000, of which $2,100,000,000 bear interest. Secretary Boutwell estimates that at the present rate of reduction—$100,000,000 per year—the entire debt would be extinguished in fourteen years.

During the eight months from January 1, 1869, out of 21,624 immigrants to San Francisco 11,000 were Chinese. The number of Chinese immigrants to California from 1848 to 1868, inclusive, was 108,000.

Postmaster-General Creswell has opened negotiations with the British Post-office Department for a further reduction of letter postage between the United States and Great Britain. By the existing postal convention which went into effect on the 1st of January, 1868, the single rate of postage for letters between the two countries was reduced from twenty-four to twelve cents. Mr. Creswell now proposes a further reduction from twelve to six cents, to take effect on the 1st of January, 1870.

Ex-President Franklin Pierce died at Concord on the morning of October 8. President Grant publicly announced this event, and ordered business in the Government Departments to be suspended on the day of the funeral.

The conditions under which the French Transatlantic Cable was allowed to be landed on the American shores are, it is well known, provisional. Our Government, with the consent of MM. Erlanger and Reuter, reserved to Congress the right of suspending or putting an end to the authorization. The eventuality which dictated this prudent provision has arisen. An application was recently made to the French Minister of the Interior by members of the United States Continental Company for permission to land an Atlantic cable at some point on the French coast. This application, signed by two retired Generals and a Major of the United States volunteers and regular army, and by another American gentleman holding a prominent position abroad, was refused, on the ground that an exclusive privilege to land a cable on the French coast had been granted to MM. Erlanger and Reuter. The propriety of suspending the authorization granted by the American Government to MM. Erlanger and Reuter will probably be considered during the coming session of Congress.

October 5 was the opening day of the second annual Horse Fair at Narragansett Park. On the 8th the races closed. The last and great race was won by "Lady Thorn" for a purse of $5000. Her competitors were "Palmer," "Goldsmith Maid," "Lucy," and "American Girl." Time, 2.19¾, 2.18¼, 2.19¼, 2.21.

At Jerome Park, on October 6, there were five races. October 9 was the first regular day of the fall meeting—the 6th was an extra or "match" day. The first race on this day was won by A. Belmont's chestnut filly, "Finesse," against "Intrigue," a chestnut filly owned by Hunter & Travers. Time, 1.52¼. Belmont's "Attraction" won the second race, against Jerome's "Rapture." Time, 1.51¼. The third, or two-mile race, was won by L. P. Holland's "Corsican." There were five entries. Time, 3.45¼. The handicap sweepstakes—five entries—was won by C. F. Elwees's brown gelding, "Buhannon." Time, 1.53¼. The selling sweepstakes, 1¼ miles—nine entries—was won by Purdy & Withers's chestnut horse, "Boaster." Time, 2.03¼.

Savannah, Georgia, is looking up. The shipments of cotton from that port have thus far this season been double those of New Orleans.

The Troy *Whig* has made a calculation from which it appears that enough rain fell in Rensselaer and Albany counties on October 3 and 4 to supply every man, woman, and child upon the face of the earth with two and a half gallons of water per day for a year.

Edwin M. Chamberlin has accepted the Labor Reform nomination for Governor of Massachusetts, placing himself squarely upon the Repudiation platform of the Convention.

The Mississippi Republican Convention met September 29, and nominated J. L. Alcorn for Governor, and for Secretary of State James Lynch (colored).

The New York Republican Central Committee has nominated General Franz Sigel for Secretary of State, and Hon. Horace Greeley for Comptroller.

At last we hear from the American ship *Dreadnought*, of San Francisco. She was lost on July 4 on Cape Penas, to the northeast of the island of Terra del Fuego. She had sailed from Liverpool April 28, with a crew numbering 34, and a cargo of 2000 tons. The crew escaped from the ill-fated vessel in two small boats, but without provisions. For seventeen days they subsisted on the shell-fish which they gathered from the rocks at low tide. At night they slept on shore around large fires which they lighted. The Indians treated them well, not offering them the slightest violence. By day they pursued their course southward, toward the Straits of La Maire, and on the seventeenth day after their shipwreck, fell in with the Norwegian bark *General Birch*, whose captain, A. Amersden, treated them with all possible kindness and attention. They were finally conveyed to Valparaiso, which port they reached about September 1.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe publishes a card in the Hartford *Courant*, in which she says she has hitherto kept silence on account of the excited state of the public mind, and because she expected additional proofs from England in regard to her story. Some of these she says she has obtained, and proposes soon to publish a review of the whole Byron matter, fortified by additional facts, circumstances, and documents.

Hon. Israel T. Hatch has complied with the request of several leading citizens of Buffalo, of both parties, to become an independent candidate for the Assembly. The object is to secure him as an exponent of the Canal policy of that city, and he will be entirely untrammeled by party ties.

The destruction to property by the recent storm in New Brunswick is reported as most severe. The tide in the Bay of Fundy and in and around St. John rose to a great and unusual height, and destroyed an immense amount of property. The loss in the little parish of Sackville alone is estimated at $1,000,000.

Professor Esty, of Amherst College, the Springfield *Republican* says, has recently finished a computation of the orbits of Saturn's satellites, a long and difficult work, which no mathematician has before accomplished.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Spanish Cortes resumed its sessions October 3. The Republican insurrection appeared so alarming in its extent that the Government asked and obtained the passage of a bill suspending the constitutional guaranties of personal rights during the insurrection. This excited great opposition among the Republican members. Two provinces—Andalusia and Catalonia—have been declared under martial law. It is officially stated that combats have taken place between the national troops and the Republican insurgents in Catalonia, Aragon, Old Castile, and Andalusia; and that so far the troops have been victorious. It is stated that Senor Paul, a member of the Cortes, is at the head of one of the Republican bands in the south of Spain.

The Prussian Diet was opened October 6 by a speech from King William, who announced the necessity for increased taxation.

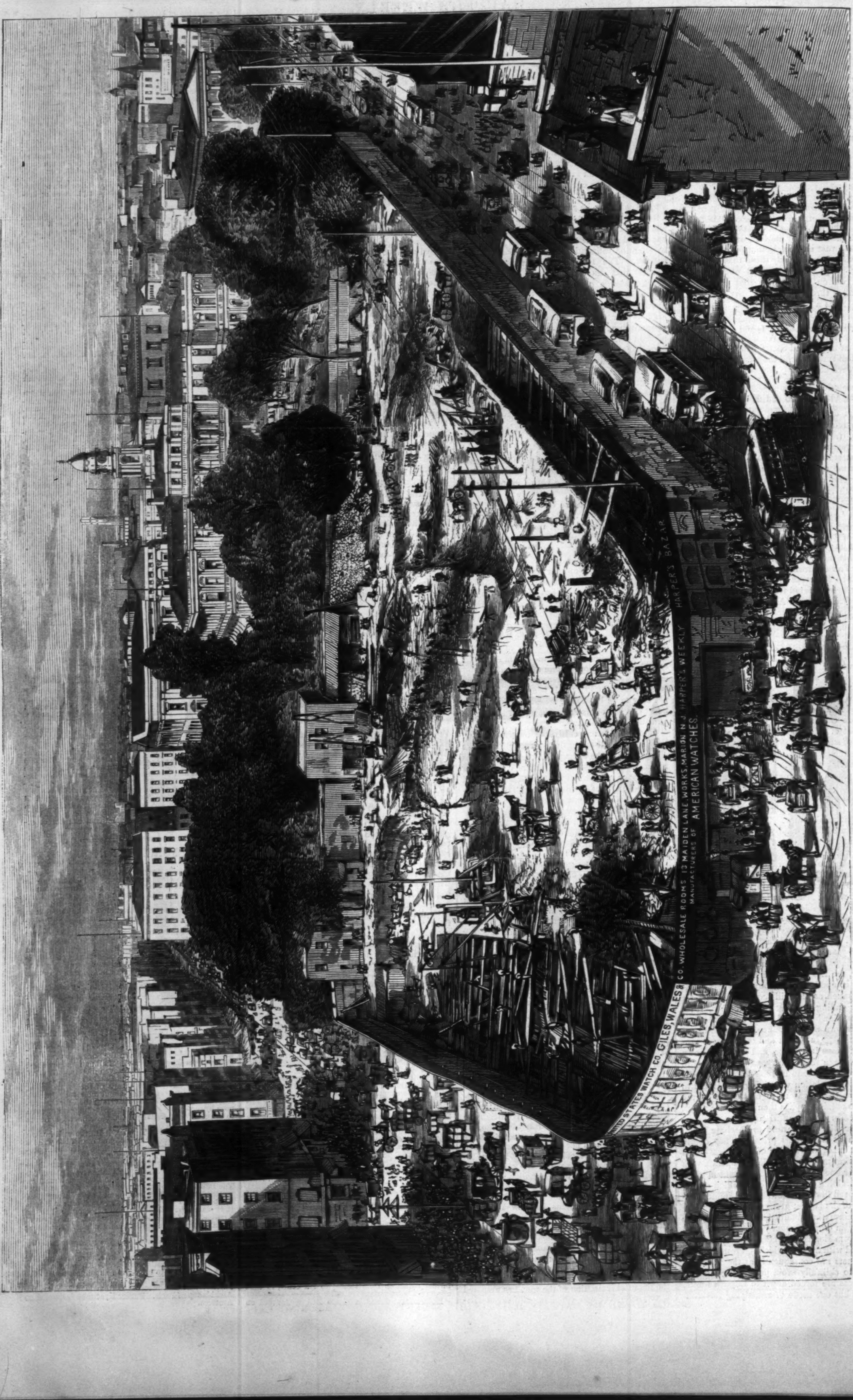
The supplementary elections for members of the French Corps Legislatif take place November 7.

The island of St. Thomas was visited September 17 by an earthquake which shook the city of St. Thomas to its foundations.

Ferdinand de Lesseps has published the official regulations for the navigation of the Suez Canal. Navigation is permitted to vessels of all nations, provided they do not draw more than seven metres and a half of water; the canal being eight metres deep. Steam vessels may navigate by means of their own steam power. Sailing vessels of about fifty tons burden must be towed by the service established for the purpose by the Company. The transit due from one sea to the other is 10 francs per ton burden, and 10 francs per passenger.

The Rev. Frederick Temple, D.D., the well-known Head Master of Rugby School, and one of the writers of the famous "Essays and Reviews," has been preferred to the Bishopric of Exeter, in England.

A Paris correspondent of the *Indépendance Belge* states that Father Hyacinthe's letter has thrown the Faubourg Saint Germain into a state of consternation. The Papal Nuncio was not in Paris when the letter was published, but he was immediately informed of it, and at once telegraphed every word of it to Rome. It is stated that the document was submitted to the Archbishop of Paris before appearing, and approved by him after some slight modifications. According to the *Rappel*, the original cause of the rupture between Father Hyacinthe and his superiors was the speech he delivered at a Peace Congress some time since; and the second cause of offense was another speech at a distribution of prizes. An early copy of the letter is said to have been communicated to the Emperor by M. Duvergier, the Minister of Grace and Justice, who had received it from Mgr. Darboy, the Archbishop of Paris. Father Hyacinthe is coming to America.



EXCAVATING FOR THE FOUNDATION OF THE NEW YORK CITY POST-OFFICE BUILDING.—Photographed by Rockwood.—[See Page 679.]

CAPTAIN HALL'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

Captain C. F. Hall, who has recently returned home from his expedition into the Arctic regions, contributes to this Number of the *Weekly* numerous sketches of the interesting relics relating to Sir John Franklin's expedition found by him in King William's Land.

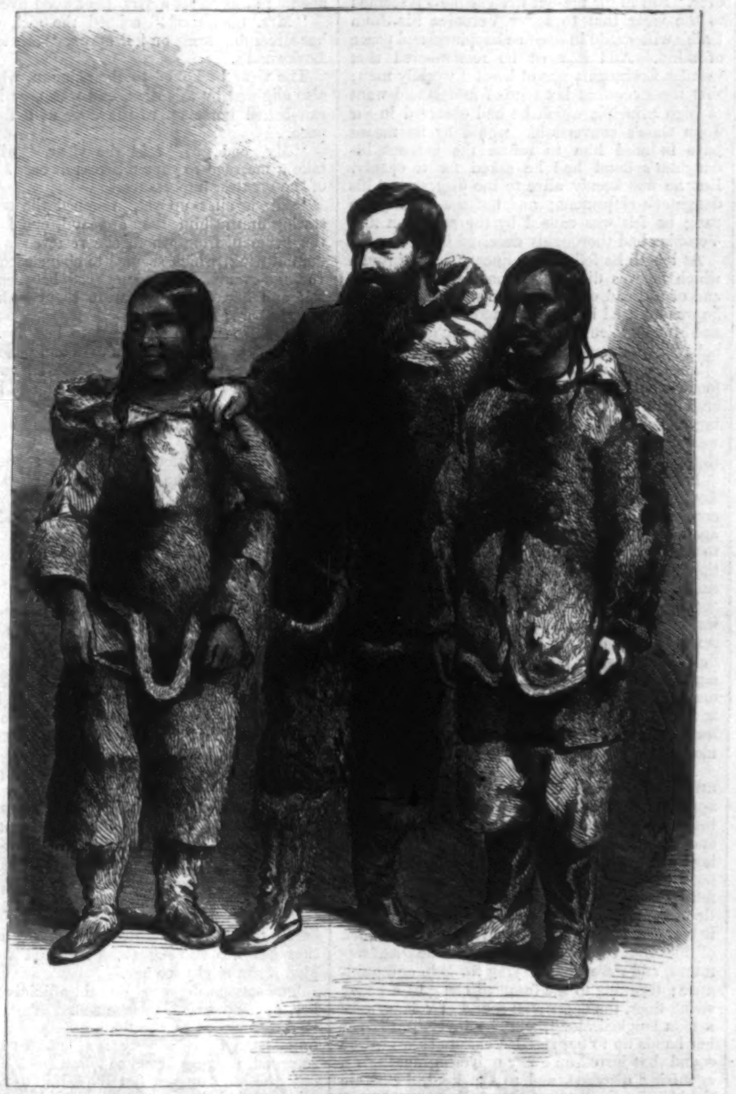
Captain Hall sailed in the *Monticello* in the latter part of June, 1864. He took with him no sailing vessel, but made his ninety days' trip into King William's Land in a sledge. This was his second expedition, the results of the first having been already given to the world in his work entitled "Arctic Researches and Life among the Esquimaux." His first expedition occupied two years and four months, and the discoveries then made encouraged him to make a second attempt to learn all that could be found out concerning the fate of the Franklin expedition. In his second, as in his first, exploration he depended entirely upon the native Esquimaux, and upon his own skill and resources in obtaining his information. In his letter to Mr. Henry Grinnell, dated Repulse Bay, June 20, 1869, Captain Hall says:

"The result of my sledge journey to King William's Land may be summed up thus: None of Sir John Franklin's companions ever reached or died on Montreal Island. It was late in July, 1848, that Crozier and his party, of about forty or forty-five, passed down the west coast of King William's Land in the vicinity of Cape Herschell. The party was dragging two sledges on the sea-ice, which was nearly in its last stage of dissolution—one, a large sledge, laden with an awning-covered boat, and the other, a small one, laden with provisions and camp material. Just before Crozier and party arrived at Cape Herschell they were met by four families of natives, and both parties went into camp near each other. Two Esquimaux men, who were of the native party, gave me much sad, but deeply interesting information. Some of it stirred my heart with sadness, intermingled with rage, for it was a confession that they, with their companions, did secretly and hastily abandon Crozier and his party to suffer and die for need of fresh provisions, when, in truth, it was in the power of the natives to save every man alive. The next trace of Crozier and his party is to be found in the skeleton which M'Clintock discovered a little below, to the southward and eastward of Cape Herschell; this was never found by the natives. The next trace is a camping-place on the sea-shore of King William's Land, about three miles eastward of Pfeiffer's River, where two men died and received Christian burial. At this place fish bones were found by the natives, which showed them that Crozier and his party had caught while there a species of fish excellent for food, with which the sea there abounds. The next trace of this party occurs some five or six miles eastward, on a long, low point of King William's Land, where one man died and was buried. Then about S.S.E., two and a half miles further, the next trace occurs on Todd's Inlet, where the remains of five men lie. The next certain trace of this party is on the west side of the inlet, west of Point Richardson, on some low land that is an island or a part of the main land as the tide may be. Here the awning-covered boat and the remains of about thirty or thirty-five of Crozier's party were found by the native Poo-yet-[illegible], of whom Sir John Ross has given a description in the account of his voyage in the *Victory*, 1829–34. In the spring of 1849 a large tent was found by some of the natives whom I saw, the floor of which was completely covered with the remains of white men. Close by were two graves. This tent was a little way inland from the head of Terror Bay.

"In the spring of 1861, when the snow was nearly all gone, an Esquimaux party, conducted by a native well known throughout the northern regions, found two boats, with many skeletons in and about them. One of these boats had been previously found by M'Clintock; the other was found lying from one-quarter to one-half mile distant, and must have been completely entombed in snow at the time M'Clintock's parties were there, or they most assuredly would have seen it. In and about the boat, besides the many skeletons alluded to, were found many relics, most of them similar in character to those M'Clintock has enumerated as having been found in the boat he discovered.

"The same year that the *Erebus* and *Terror* were abandoned one of them consummated the Great Northwest Passage, having five men aboard. The evidence of the exact number is circumstantial. Every thing about this Northwest Passage ship of Sir John Franklin's expedition was in complete order; four boats were hanging high up at the ship's sides, and one was on the quarter-deck; the vessel was in its winter housing of sail or tent cloth. This vessel was found by the Ook-joo-lik natives near O'Reilly Island, lat. 68° 30′ N., lon. 99° W., early in the spring of 1849, it being frozen in the midst of a smooth and unbroken floe of ice of only one winter's formation. From certain evidence I have gained both at Ig-loo-lik and King William's Land, there must have been a dog of the greyhound species belonging to one or the other of the two ships. I only know this through native testimony. It is quite likely that some one in England can tell whether there was a dog on board either of the ships when Sir John Franklin left in 1845.

"My sledge company from Repulse Bay to



CAPTAIN C. F. HALL AND HIS ESQUIMAUX INTERPRETERS.

RELICS FOUND BY CAPTAIN HALL IN HIS RECENT ARCTIC EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

King William's Land consisted of eleven souls, all Esquimaux. Although they are as untamable as eagles by nature, yet by their aid alone I was enabled to reach points otherwise inaccessible, and when there to gain much important information relative to the fate of Sir John Franklin's expedition.

* * * * * *

"Could I and my party, with reasonable safety, have remained to make a summer search on King William's Land, it is not only probable that we should have recovered the logs and journals of Sir John Franklin's expedition, but have gathered up and entombed the remains of nearly one hundred of his companions; for they lie about the places where the three boats have been found, and at the large camping-place at the head of Terror Bay, and the three other places that I have already mentioned. In the cove, west side of Point Richardson, however, Nature herself has opened her bosom and given sepulture to the remains of the immortal heroes that died there. Wherever the Esquimaux have found the graves of Franklin's companions they have dug them open and robbed the dead, leaving them exposed to the ravages of wild beasts. On Todd's Island the remains of five men were not buried, but, after the savages had robbed them of every article that could be turned to any account for their use, their dogs were allowed to finish the disgusting work.

"Wherever I found that Sir John Franklin's companions had died I erected monuments, then fired salutes and waved the Star-spangled Banner over them in memory and respect of the great and true discoverers of the Northwest Passage. I could have gathered great quantities—a very great variety—of relics of Sir John Franklin's expedition, for they are now possessed by natives all over the Arctic regions that I visited or heard of—from Pond's Bay to Mackenzie River. As it was I had to be satisfied with taking upon our sledges about 125 pounds total weight of relics from natives about King William's Land. Some of those I will enumerate: 1. A portion of one side (several planks and ribs fast together) of a boat, clinker-built, and copper-fastened. This part of a boat is of the one found near the boat found by M'Clintock's party. 2. A small oak sledge-runner, reduced from the sledge on which the boat rested. 3. Part of the mast of the Northwest Passage ship. 4. Chronometer box, with its number, name of maker, and the Queen's broad arrow engraved upon it. 5. Two long heavy sheets of copper, three and four inches wide, with counter-sunk holes for screw-nails. On these sheets, as well as on most every thing else that came from the Northwest Passage ship, are numerous stamps of the Queen's broad arrow. 6. Mahogany writing-desk, elaborately finished and bound in brass. 7. Many pieces of silver-plate—forks and spoons—bearing crests and initials of the owners. 8. Parts of watches. 9. Knives, and very many other things, all of which you, and others interested in the fate of the Franklin expedition, will take a sad interest in inspecting on their arrival in the States."

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book V.

CHAPTER XV.

LADY TALLIS.

It was not until Mr. Levincourt had been seated for some time in the railway carriage that he remembered that he was ignorant of Lady Tallis's address. Young Lockwood had said that she was in London, but where the vicar knew not.

"Maud!" said he, suddenly, "how are we to find your aunt?"

Maud was leaning her weary head against the cushions, and her eyes were closed. She had not been sleeping, however, for she immediately opened her eyes, and repeated the vicar's words,

"How are we to find my aunt?"

"Yes, how? In the whirl and confusion and misery of this dreadful departure, it never occurred to me that I do not know Lady Tallis's address! Her last letter was dated from the country."

"Mr.—Mrs. Lockwood knows where Aunt Hilda is," answered Maud, after a moment's reflection.

"Yes, yes, yes," said the vicar, with peevish irritability. "Mrs. Lockwood knows! But where can these people be found? Merciful Heavens, it is enough to madden one! It is all confusion and hopeless misery!"

"Dear Uncle Charles, in this I think I can help you. I remember the Lockwoods' address. They live in a street called Gower Street. Do you know it?"

"Gower Street? Are you sure? How do you know?"

"Mr. Lockwood mentioned that his mother had a house there. Her husband bequeathed it to her, and she lives there."

"Well, I suppose we must drive there the first thing. I know of no other way."

After that the vicar closed his eyes also. But for a long time his brain was tormented by whirling thoughts. Occasionally a gleam of something like hope darted into his mind. Might it not be possible that all would yet go well with Veronica? Some fathers would have deemed that by no possibility could it be altogether well with her. It could not be well to be the wife of a man who had induced her to leave her home clandestinely, to deceive and inflict torturing anxiety on her father; a man who had, at the least, caused a temporary slur to be cast on her reputation, and who had risked tarnishing her good name forever. But in his present wretchedness it seemed to the vicar that to know Veronica Sir John Gale's wife would in itself be happiness and peace of mind. And it must be remembered that Charles Levincourt was at heart a worldly man; that the somewhat lax tone of morals and want of high principle which he had observed in Sir John Gale's conversation would by no means have induced him to refuse the baronet his daughter's hand had he asked for it openly. But he was keenly alive to the disgrace of his daughter's elopement; and not the least sharp pang he felt was caused by the reflection that Veronica had thoroughly deceived him.

At length he fell into an uneasy sleep, through which he was dimly conscious of mental pain, and of a dread of waking. From this slumber he was aroused by Maud's hand on his shoulder and Maud's voice in his ear, faltering out that she believed they must have reached London.

They were in London. The railway station looked inexpressibly dreary, with its long vistas ending in black shadow, its sickly lamps blinking like eyes that have watched all night and are weary, and its vast glazed roof, through which the gray dawn was beginning to glimmer.

It was yet too early to attempt to go to Mrs. Lockwood's house. They must wait at least a couple of hours. The vicar looked so worn, aged, and ill that Maud tried to persuade him to seek some rest at the hotel close to the station, promising that he should be roused in due time. But he refused to do so.

"Sit here," he said, leading Maud into a waiting-room, where there was a dull coke fire smouldering slowly, and where a solitary gas-light shed a yellow glare over a huge, bare, shining centre-table, leaving the rest of the apartment in almost darkness. "You will be safe and unmolested here. I must go and make some inquiries—try to find some trace— Remain here till I return."

Maud thought she had never seen a room so utterly soul-depressing. No place would have appeared cheerful to her at that moment; but this railway waiting-room was truly a dreary and forlorn apartment. She sat there cowering over the dull red fire, sick, and chilly, and sad; listening nervously to every echoing footfall on the long platform without; to the whistle of some distant engine, screaming as though it had lost its way in the labyrinthine net-work of lines that converged just outside the great terminus, and were wildly crying for help and guidance; listening to the frequent clang of a heavy swing-door, the occasional sound of voices (once a man laughed aloud, and she involuntarily put her hands up to her startled ears to shut out the sound that jarred on every quivering nerve with agonizing discord), and to the loud, deliberate ticking of a clock above the waiting-room door.

At length—how long the time had seemed!—Mr. Levincourt returned.

Maud started up, and tried to read in his face if he had any tidings of Veronica, but she did not venture to speak. He answered her appealing look:

"I have seen the station-master," he said. "They have not been here. I believe that much is certain. The man was civil, and caused inquiries to be made among the people—oh my God, that I should have to endure this degradation!—but there was no trace of such people as I described. This man made a suggestion. They might have left the main line at Dibley, and either come to London by the other line, thus arriving at a station at the opposite end of the town; or—as I think more probable—have reached the junction that communicates with the coast railways, and so got down to the sea without touching London at all."

"Oh, Uncle Charles!"

"Come, my poor child, let me at least put you into a shelter were you will be safe from the contamination of our disgrace. You look half dead, my poor Maudie! Come, there is a cab waiting here outside."

As Maud moved toward the door to obey his summons the light of the gas-lamp fell full on her pale face, and he almost exclaimed aloud at her startling resemblance to her mother.

It seemed to the vicar that the remembrance of his old love, thus called up at this moment, filled his heart with bitterness even to overflowing.

"Oh me!" he groaned; "I wish it were all over! I am weary of my life."

The cab rattled over the stones through the still nearly empty streets.

Maud's remembrance of any part of London was very vague. She had never even seen the neighborhoods through which she was now being jolted. It all looked squalid, mean, grimy, and uninviting under the morning light. At last they came into a long street, of which the further end was veiled and concealed by a dense foggy vapor.

"What number, miss?" asked the cabman, turning round on his seat.

"What do you say?" asked Maud, faintly.

"What number, miss? This 'ere is Gower Street."

"Oh!" cried Maud, despairingly. "I don't remember the number!"

The cabman had pulled up his horse, and was now examining the lash of his whip with an air of philosophical indifference, like a man who is weighed upon by no sense of responsibility. After a minute or so he observed, with great calmness, "That's ockard; Gower Street is raythur a long street, and it 'll take some time to knock at all the doors both sides o' the way." Then he resumed the examination of his whip-lash.

"Oh, Uncle Charles, I am so sorry!" murmured Maud. "What shall we do?"

Mr. Levincourt jumped out of the cab, and ran to a door where there was a young woman washing the steps.

"Do you happen to know," he asked, "whereabouts in this street a Mrs. Lockwood lives?"

"Mrs. Lockwood!" echoed the girl, drying her streaming arms on her apron, "*this* is Mrs. Lockwood's."

The vicar beckoned to the cabman, who had also alighted by this time, and who now led his raw-boned horse up to the door at a funereal pace.

"My good girl," said the vicar, "will you take a message to your mistress *at once?* It is of the greatest importance."

"Missis ain't up yet," rejoined the servant, staring first at him, then at Maud, and lastly at the cabman, from whom she received a confidential wink, which seemed to claim a common vantage-ground of Cockneyhood between himself and her, and to separate them both from the vicar and his ward.

"I will send up this card to her," said Mr. Levincourt. He took out a card and pencil, and wrote some words hastily. Then he gave the girl the card together with a shilling, and begged her to lose no time in delivering the former to her mistress, while she was to keep the latter for herself.

The administration of the bribe appeared to raise the vicar in the cabman's estimation. The latter officiously pulled down the window-glass on the side next the house, so that Maud could put her head out, and then stood with the handle of the cab door in his hand, ready for any emergency.

The progress of the servant to her mistress's bedroom was retarded by her efforts to decipher what was written on the card, an attempt in which she only partially succeeded. In about five minutes she came down again, and said to the vicar:

"Missus's best compliments, and the lady as you're a looking for is lodging in the 'ouse. She's on the first-floor, and will you please walk into the drawing-room?"

The vicar and Maud followed the girl up stairs into a front-room, furnished as a sitting-room. It communicated by folding-doors, which were now closed, with another apartment.

The servant drew up the yellow window-blinds, desired the visitors to be seated, and asked, as she prepared to leave the room:

"Who shall I say, please?"

"Mr. Levincourt, and— Stay! You had better take my card in to her ladyship, and say that her niece is here with me, and would be glad if she might see her."

The servant departed into the adjoining chamber, as it appeared, for the sound of voices very slightly muffled by the folding-doors was heard immediately. In a very few minutes the girl returned, begging Maud to follow her.

"She ain't up yet, but she'd like to see you, miss; and she'll come out to you, Sir, as soon as possible."

Maud obeyed her aunt's summons, and the vicar was left alone, standing at the window, and looking at the monotonous line of the opposite houses. He was, in a measure, relieved by the fact that the first surprise and shock to Lady Tallis of his presence and his errand in London would be over before he saw her. He felt a strong persuasion that tact and self-possession were by no means poor Hilda's distinguishing characteristics, and he had nervously dreaded the first meeting with her. Although he had placed himself as far as possible from the folding-doors, he could hear the voices rising and falling in the adjoining room, and occasionally could distinguish her ladyship's tones in a shrill exclamation.

He tapped his fingers with irritable impatience on the window. Why did not Maud urge her aunt to hasten? She knew that every minute was of importance to him. He would wait no longer. He would go away, and return later.

As he so thought the door opened, and there appeared the woman whom he had last seen in the bloom of her youth more than a score of years ago. The remembrance of the beautiful Hilda Delaney was very distinct in his mind. At the sound of the opening door he turned round and beheld a figure startlingly at variance with that remembrance: a small, lean, pale old woman, huddled in a dark-colored wrapper, and with a quantity of soft gray hair untidily thrust into a brown silk net.

"My dear friend," said she, taking both the vicar's hands—"my poor dear friend!"

Her voice had an odd, cracked sound, like the tone of a broken musical instrument which has once given forth sweet notes; and she spoke with as unmistakable a brogue as though she had never passed a day out of the County Cork.

"Ah! you wouldn't have known me now, would ye?" she continued, looking up into the vicar's face.

"Yes," he answered, after an instant's glance—"yes, I should have known you." And, indeed, as he looked, her face became familiar to his eyes. She retained the exquisite delicacy of skin which had been one of her chief beauties, but it was now blanched and wan, and marked with three or four deep lines round the mouth, though on the forehead it remained smooth. There was still the regular, clear-cut outline, but exaggerated into sharpness. There were still the large, finely-shaped, lustrous hazel eyes, but with a glitter in them that seemed too bright for health, and with traces of much wailing and weeping in their heavy lids. She was a kindly, foolish, garrulous, utterly undignified woman.

"I have come," said the vicar, "to ask you to give shelter and protection to this dear child. My house is no home for her now, and Heaven knows when I shall return to it myself. I suppose Maud has—has told you?"

"Ah, my dear Mr. Levincourt, where would the child find shelter and protection if not with her poor dear mother's only sister? And hasn't it been the wish of my heart to have her with me all these years? And, indeed, when Clara died I would have adopted her outright, if I'd been let. But not having any daughter of my own—though, to be sure, a boy would have been best, because of the baronetcy, and *he* never forgave me, I believe, for not giving him a son—of course I— But indeed I am truly distressed at your misfortune, and I hope that things may not be so bad as ye fear. A runaway mar'ge is objictionable, there's no doubt of that in the world. Still, ye know, my dear Mr. Levincourt, it won't be the first, and I'd wager not the last. And, upon my honor, I can't see but that the runaway mar'ges may turn out as well sometimes as those that are arranged in the regular way; though, goodness knows, that is not saying much, after all."

Here the poor lady paused to heave a deep sigh, and then, seating herself close to Maud, she took her niece's hand and pressed it affectionately.

The vicar perceived that Lady Tallis had but a very imperfect conception of the real state of the case. The truth was that she had not permitted Maud to explain it to her, being too much absorbed in the joy and surprise of seeing her niece to give heed or sympathy to the fate of the vicar's daughter. Her life had been so utterly joyless and empty of affection for so many years that the lonely woman not unnaturally clutched at this chance of happiness with the selfish eagerness of a starving creature who snatches at food.

"It is very, very dreadful, Aunt Hilda," Maud had said, lowering her voice lest it should reach the ears of the vicar in the next room. "Mr. Levincourt will be heart-broken if he does not find her. And I love her so dearly. My poor Veronica! Oh, why, why did she leave us?"

But her aunt could not help dwelling on the hope that out of this trouble might come a gleam of comfort to her own desolate life.

She had soothed and kissed the sobbing girl, and had poured out a stream of incoherent talk, as she hastily huddled some clothes about her.

"Hush, dear child! Don't be fretting, my poor pet! You will stay here with me, safe, now! Sure they'll find her beyond a doubt. Of course the man will marry her. And as to running away, why, my darling child, though I'd be loth to inculcate the practice, or to recommend it to any well-brought-up girl, still ye know very well that it's a thing that happens every day. There was Miss Grogan, of the Queen's County, one of the most dashing girls that ye ever saw in all your days, eloped with a subaltern in a marching regiment. But she had fifty thousand pounds of her own the very moment she came of age; so of course they were very comfortable in a worldly point of view, and the whole county visited them just as much as if they had had bans published in the parish church every day for a year. And yet, at first, her family were in the greatest distress—the very greatest distress—though he was the second cousin of Lord Clontarf, and an extremely elegant young fellow. But of course I understand Mr. Levincourt's feelings, and I am sincerely sorry for him—I am, indeed."

So, in speaking to the vicar, her tone, although not unsympathizing, was very different from what it would have been had she at all realized the terrible apprehensions which racked his mind.

"Ye'll stay and have a mouthful of breakfast with me, my dear Mr. Levincourt?" she said, seeing him about to depart. "I will have it got ready immediately. And indeed you must both be fainting, after traveling all night, too—What's the matter?"

The question was caused by a ghastly change which had come over the vicar's face. His eyes were fixed on the direction on an envelope which lay on the table. He pointed to it silently. Lady Tallis stared in alarm and bewilderment; but Maud, springing to the vicar's side, looked over his shoulder at the writing.

"Oh, Aunt Hilda!" she gasped. "What does this mean?"

"What, child? What in the world is the matter? That? Sure that's a bill, sent in by my shoemaker!"

"But the name?" said the vicar, with a sudden, startling fierceness.

"The name? Well, it's my name; whose else should it be? Oh, to be sure—I see now! Ah! ye didn't know that he took another name about two years ago. Did ye never hear of his uncle, the rich alderman? The alderman left him thirty thousand pounds, on condition that he should tack his name on to his old one, and give him the honor and glory of sending down his own plebeian appellation with the baronetcy. So, of course, when he changed his name I changed mine; for I *am* his wife, though I make no doubt that he would be glad enough to deny it if he could. Only that, being his wife, he has more power to tyrannize over me than he has over any body else. But then—"

"But what is he called now, Aunt Hilda?" interrupted Maud, seeing that her guardian was in an agony of speechless suspense. "What names does—does your husband go by?"

"Indeed, my pet, *that's* more than I can say; but his rightful style and title is Sir John Tallis Gale, Baronet, and I suppose you knew that much before!"

"Oh my God!" groaned the vicar, sinking into a chair, and letting his head drop on his hands.

"Uncle Charles!" screamed Maud, throwing her arms around him. "Oh, Uncle Charles! It will kill him!"

But the vicar was not dying. He was living to a rush of horrible sensations; grief, astonishment, shame, and anger. The indelibility of the disgrace inflicted on him; the hopelessness of any remedy; the infamy that must attend his child's future life, were all present to his mind with instant and torturing vividness. But of these mingled emotions anger was the predominant one, and it grew fiercer with every second

that passed. His love for his daughter had ever been marked more by pride than by depth or tenderness. This pride was now trampled in the dust, and a feeling of implacable resentment arose in his mind against her who had inflicted the anguish of such a humiliation.

He raised his face distorted by passion.

"From this hour forth I disown and abandon her," he said, in quivering tones. "No one is my friend who speaks her name to me. In the infamy she has chosen let her live and die. And may God so punish her for the misery she has caused—"

Maud fell on her knees before him and seized his hands. "Oh, hush; oh pray, pray hush, dear Uncle Charles!" she sobbed out. "Think how sorry you would be if you said the words! How you would repent and be sorry all your life long!"

"For mercy's sake!" exclaimed Lady Tallis, in a tremulous voice, "what is it all about? My dearest child, you positively must not sob in that heart-breaking manner! Sure you'll make yourself ill."

"And for one who is not worth a tear!" added the vicar. "For one who— But I will never mention her name again. It is over. She is lost and gone irrevocably. Lady Tallis, I would have spared you this if I could have guessed the extent of the degradation that has fallen upon me. My presence in your house at this moment is almost an outrage."

The poor lady sat down in a chair, and pressing her hands to her forehead, began to whimper. "I'd be unspeakably obliged to ye, Mr. Levincourt," she said, "if you would do me the favor to explain. My poor head is in a whirl of confusion. I really and truly am not strong enough to support this kind of thing!"

"We have each of us a horrible burden to support," rejoined the vicar, almost sternly. "And God knows that mine is not the least heavy. You have been entirely separated from your husband for some years?"

"Oh, indeed I have! That is to say, there never has been a legal separation; but—"

The vicar interrupted her. "He has assumed another name and has been living abroad?"

"As to the name, I am sure of that, because I learned it from his agent, to whom I am sometimes compelled to have recourse for money. But for where he has been living, I assure you, my dear Mr. Levincourt—"

"The villain who has carried away my daughter—stolen her from a home in which he had received every kindness and hospitable care that my means permitted me to lavish on him—that black-hearted, thankless, infamous scoundrel, Lady Tallis, is—Sir John Gale."

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

TRAFFIC IN SOULS.

A curious case of swindling was brought before a French police-court, which shows a peculiar state of things with respect to the traffic in these ceremonies. It need hardly be said that it is customary for surviving relatives of Roman Catholics to cause masses to be said for the repose of the souls of deceased persons. It seems that the demand for masses in Paris is so large that the clergy in that city are not able to meet it. In order, therefore, to supply the requirements of the public in this matter, there are houses in Paris which undertake for a commission to send the fees and the orders to priests in the provinces. Availing themselves of this practice, two rogues, one of them a priest who had been laid under an interdict for frauds in connection with this custom, issued circulars, which they sent to rural priests, offering to act as agents for them. and to negotiate what may be termed their bills for masses. So specious were these circulars that some priests fell into the trap, and sent undertakings to repeat masses, leaving the number in blank. As the signatures were genuine, the two persons referred to were able to discount these with the funeral furnishers or publishers who were intrusted with the fees and orders. But, instead of sending the vestments, or books, or whatever the priests desired to have, in return for their promissory notes, they appropriated them to their own uses. They were also open to receive orders direct from the public, and there was no guarantee that they did not pocket the fees without making any return, as the only prisoner who remained to take his trial declared that his was a ready-money business, and that he kept no books. It was no easy matter to get evidence against him, as the priests who had signed the bills of exchange were naturally reluctant to give evidence in a matter which, though it was affirmed to be in accordance with canonical rules, they felt was not creditable to them. One of these witnesses, for instance, had signed bills for 7618 francs' worth of masses, and altogether he was under the obligation of repeating 1200 masses, according to his own admission. How long it takes to say a mass is not stated, but the impression gathered from what was said is, that a priest must rise early in the morning and make long days for a considerable time to work off such an accumulation as this. But great as his liabilities were, they were trifling in comparison with that of the witness who followed him; he had bills in the ecclesiastical market to the amount in the aggregate of 11,265 masses. There were others whose liabilities were not much inferior; in the list of these may be mentioned one for 5312, another for 7151, another for 2736, another for 1764, another for 2250, another for 11,708, another for 2395, another for 9381, another for 9457, and another, who in proportion was a pike among minnows, whose liabilities amounted to 28,000 masses. So reckless, indeed, was one of these priests that he had signed bills to the amount of 100,000 francs, which, at the current rate of 1 franc a mass, rendered him liable to the same number of masses; so that it may be imagined that if his creditors had come upon him in a body they would have been obliged to accept a composition. There is something to be said in excuse for these peculiar ecclesiastical bills in the case of some of the priests who took part in them. Take, for instance, the case of a curé in an out-of-the-way village, whose stipend would be despised by the worst-paid of English curates. Say, for instance, that his clerical vestments were completely worn out, and that neither he nor his parishioners possessed the means of replacing them; a man in such a position could hardly be condemned for resorting to a method of raising means if he honestly intended to meet the liabilities he incurred; he could only be charged with acting dishonestly when, to indulge extravagance in this respect or in any other, he undertook to do more than he could perform. But it is just at this point that many of the priests are said to have sinned. In order to indulge their extravagance they became guilty of fraud. While already liable for more masses than they could perform, they incurred liabilities for the performance of others in return for books or other goods, which they immediately sold for what they would realize. That the sensation excited by the discovery of these novel frauds and their magnitude has been great and painful may be easily imagined. Few of the persons who have ordered and paid for masses can feel assured that what they paid for has been done, and, though some may smile at their credulity in supposing that any good can reach deceased persons by the performance of masses, all right-minded persons will respect the motives which induced them to sacrifice their money for that from which they themselves could derive no benefit.

THE NEW POST-OFFICE BUILDING, NEW YORK.

Our illustration on page 676 gives an accurate and comprehensive view of the site of the new Post-office Building in this city, and of the excavations now being made for the foundation of the edifice. The site is in the City Park in front of the City Hall. The work of excavation is going on rapidly. By the first of this month 18,000 cubic yards had been excavated, and over 16,000 cubic feet of concrete, and nearly 17,000 feet of masonry had been completed. In order to bank up the sides of the excavations and protect it from caving under pressure or from the influence of the weather, there had to be built over one thousand linear feet of sheathing and shoring, leaving nearly nine hundred feet more to be put up. The structure, under the supervision of Postmaster P. H. Jones, and the immediate direction of Superintendent Hulburd, will, it is hoped, be speedily completed.

THE GREAT FLOOD.

The recent storm which has caused so much destruction to property along the Atlantic coast, though it is generally considered a part of our autumn equinoctial, may perhaps more justly be attributed to the same conjunction of the sun and moon which has caused the recent extraordinary tidal wave. It is where the tides have been the highest that the storm has been the most severe and destructive.

This great storm deluged a large portion of the country with rain. The rivers were swollen; canal embankments, bridges, and dams were swept away; railroads were submerged and the tracks destroyed; mills, houses, canal-boats, and railroad cars were floated off; and there must also have been a great destruction of human life. The Mohawk River, in this State, rose ten feet above low-water mark. The Schuylkill rose above the wharves of Market Street, in Philadelphia, carrying away immense quantities of lumber and coal, and interfering with the gas works of that city. At Norristown the river rose seventeen feet. The Lehigh River, in Pennsylvania, rose fifteen feet, doing immense damage in its valley and submerging the railroad tracks.

In Connecticut the flood was equally ruinous. Hubbard's cotton-mills, at Higganum, Middlesex County, were swept away; also several houses in Glastenbury. The Housatonic Dam was destroyed. In Maine lumber booms and dams were carried away. In the valley of the Hudson the flood was unprecedented. At Hoosick Falls, New York, the Troy and Boston Railway train was thrown into the Hoosick River, and three lives were lost.

It is impossible to estimate the immense damage caused by this great flood: it amounts to many millions of dollars, besides the large loss of human life which, either directly or indirectly, must have resulted from the storm.

From Portland the storm spread northward. At Eastport it took the form of a destructive hurricane. In Eastport alone it destroyed more than half a million dollars' worth of property. Numerous vessels were wrecked along the coast. Twenty-seven vessels were driven ashore at Rumney's Bay.

CORMORANTS' NESTS ON MAGDALENA ISLAND.

The scene depicted in our beautiful and characteristic engraving on page 681 is on the island of Santa Magdalena, in the Magellan Strait, recently visited by a British surveying expedition. This island is midway between the South American main land and Terra del Fuego, and about twenty miles from the Chilian settlement of Punta Arena. On approaching the island hundreds of sea-lions and fur-seals were seen disporting themselves in the water or basking on the sand and shingly beach, while great numbers of cormorants were perched on the ledges of the perpendicular cliffs. Having landed and climbed to the top of the cliffs, the party were met by a great crowd of penguins, which came rushing out of their burrows where they lay their eggs, and, screaming in very discordant tones, endeavored to hurry out of the strangers' reach. Their awkward gait as they shuffled along on their hind-flippers, balancing their bodies with their short arms, and rolling themselves over the summits of the cliffs to avoid capture, caused a great deal of merriment to the sailors. Many of these queer birds were soon knocked down. "When we got to the centre of the island," says Mr. Bedwell, one of the party, "we observed a scene of the most curious description. A few shallow ponds of brackish water were surrounded by thousands of cormorants, all seated on little mounds. On our coming into view over the ridge of hillocks which inclosed the small plain, the birds nearest to us took to flight, and as they passed over the others followed their example; but they were in such numbers that those underneath were unable to rise until those above had passed over, and the flapping of their wings stirred up the dry guano into a cloud of a most horrible and sickening odor. Some of the boat's crew ran in among them, adding to the confusion and noise. A rough estimate only of their number could be made, but 10,000 or 15,000 is not an exaggerated calculation. On further examination the little mounds on which they had been sitting were found to be their nests, built up of earth and guano, and placed in rows with the most remarkable regularity, an equal distance being preserved between the nests, nearly all of which contained each two or three eggs. A few eggs had already been hatched, and the scared little ones, though but a day or two old, ran off as fast as they could and paddled into the centre of the nearest pond. The sportsmen of our party had the satisfaction of bagging a dozen or so of wild-geese, such as are shown in the upper left-hand corner of the sketch; but the naturalist of the expedition was much pleased with the result of his visit to this interesting little island."

TYPES OF HINDUISM.

How striking a proof is it of the strength of the religious principle in human nature, that the grandest works which have ever been reared are those connected with worship! Were an inhabitant of some distant world able to look down upon our planet, his eye would be most attracted by the glittering and painted pagodas of China, Borneo, and Japan; the richly ornamented temples, and stupendous rock shrines of India; the dome-topped mosques, and slender minarets of Western Asia; the pyramids, and vast temples of Egypt, with their avenues of gigantic statues and sphinxes extending for miles; the graceful shrines of classic Greece; the basilicas of Rome and Byzantium; the semi-Oriental church domes of Moscow; the Gothic cathedrals of Western Europe; and the grand fire temples of Mexico and Peru, where, in the infancy of reason and humanity, human sacrifices were offered up, as if the All-Father were pleased with the agony of his creatures!

Nowhere has that adoring principle reared grander temples than in India. Egypt may surpass them in vastness, and Greece outdoes them in symmetry; but as exhibiting a marvelous combination of grandeur, beauty, and variety, the religious edifices of India find no parallel in any other country. The stupendous rock temples of Western India, the magnificent and lofty domed topes of Ceylon, the gorgeous sculptured shrines of Southern India, the tall elliptical temples of Orissa, the lovely and exquisitely finished ones of Guzerat, combine with the Mohammedan mosques and minarets to form an unsurpassable assemblage of architectural art and skill.

The Hindus have built these glorious temples, but filled them with images of gods frightful in the extreme, with one remarkable exception—the three-faced bust of Siva in the cave-temple of Elephanta. Here the Hindu God is represented in the threefold character of Creator, Preserver, and Destroyer. No Grecian sculpture so well conveys the idea of Godhead. The repose which distinguishes the faces of the Creator and Preserver is not the meditation of the saint, but the calm of unbounded power; and the Destroyer's face portends not destruction so much as annihilation to the world. In every other instance representations of the Hindu deities are grotesque and horrible.

Some one has said that, in his exquisitely noble and beautiful idols, the Greek adored the divinity of his own nature—of humanity; whereas the Hindu's awful sense of the superhuman, of something unutterably superior to mortals, renders the workmanship of the idol a thing of no moment, and he bows before the painted block of stone or wood with a deeper sense of the divine presence than the Greek had when standing in ecstasy before his divine Zeus or radiant Apollo.

The great Indian peninsula is now peopled by nations of very diverse origin. Long before history usurped the place of tradition the country was inhabited by races of men whose descendants still dwell in the jungles and wild hill-sides of India. The first invaders of the country, whoever they may have been, drove the inhabitants of the plains of the North to the hill country of the Vindhya and to the region beyond. These conquerors were themselves displaced by the Tamuls, who in their turn fled southward at the approach of the warlike Aryans, these last being the progenitors of the Brahminical Hindus of to-day.

Casting a glance backward as far as any history can take us, we find the land in possession of at least four distinct races—the original tribes, the first invaders, the Tamuls, and the Aryans. The religious belief of these later conquerors gradually diffused itself through the peninsula; but the genius peculiar to the people receiving it has left its mark to the present day.

It is generally conceded that the Aryans brought pure and lofty notions of a Creator from their home in Central Asia; but modern Hinduism is a strange medley, varying in complexion from province to province, and in some places exhibiting features directly opposite to its general character. Wherever the aboriginal element predominates the religion is dark and bloody; where the Tamul race is found it is cheerful, gorgeous, and licentious; wherever the pure Hindu is in the ascendant it is lofty in speculation and gentle in its rites.

Our illustration on page 685 represents a Tamul pagoda dedicated to the bull, one of the sacred animals of the Tamul Hindus. This temple is one of two on the island of Seringham, near Trichinopoly in the Carnatic, in Southern India. The island is formed by the river Coleroon and its branch the Cavery, and its pagodas are of high repute. The bull is of immense size, cut from one solid block of black marble; and so sacred is it esteemed, that it is with great difficulty that a stranger can land on the island and approach sufficiently near to realize the proportions of the bull and the exquisite architecture of the temple—now, however, fast crumbling into ruin.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A Case of Ass-fix-ia—A donkey tied up.

After all, there is not much difference between the followers and the opponents of Dr. Jenner. The one are Vaccinators, and the others are Vaccine-haters.

A farmer, who had engaged the services of a son of the Emerald Isle, sent him out one morning to harrow a piece of ground. He had not worked long before nearly all the teeth came out of the harrow. Presently the farmer went out into the field to take notes of Pat's progress, and asked him how he liked harrowing. "Oh!" replied Pat, "it goes a bit smoother now since the pegs are out."

On a white stone, in an old cemetery at Concord, Massachusetts, is this epitaph:

"This stone is designed by its durability
To perpetuate the memory, and by its color
To signify the moral character of
Miss Abigail Dudley."

Not many years since a certain Vermont church was in need of a pastor. One Sabbath the minister supplying the pulpit, well known for his eccentric turn of mind, prayed for "a man from the Lord" in this fashion: "Send us not an old man in his dotage, nor a young man in his goslinghood, but a man with all the modern improvements."

Why is a solar eclipse like a woman whipping her boy?—Because it's a hiding of the *sun*.

"You have not one drop of the great Napoleon's blood in your veins," said testy old Jerome one day in a pet to his nephew the Emperor. "Well," replied Louis Napoleon, "at all events I have his whole family on my shoulders."

DIFFERENCES BETWEEN MAN AND THE CHIMPANZEE.

The chimpanzee was never known to gamble in stocks. First difference.

The chimpanzee was never known to pass its life in making itself hideous and ridiculous under the pretense of fashion. Second difference.

The chimpanzee never eats without hunger, nor drinks without thirst. Third difference.

The chimpanzee is not used to vilify its fellow-chimpanzees, nor to publish libelous things against them. Fourth difference.

Willie P——, a little five-year-old, was playing with a honey-bee, when the angry bee stung him. "Oh! grandma," cried Willie, "I *didn't* know bees had splinters in their feet!"

A Darkey's Account of a Sermon.—"Well, sahs, de sermon was upon de miricles of de loaves and de fishes. De minister said how de seven thousand loaves and de five thousand fishes divided between the twelve apostles; an' de miracle was dat dey didn't bust!"

A gentleman was praising the beautiful hair of a lady, when one of those terrible children whom Providence seems to have sent on earth as scourges of hypocrisy and falsehood, exclaimed: "My hair would be as handsome as mamma's if she'd let me take as much care of it as she takes of hers. Mamma never sleeps in her hair; but always puts it away in the wardrobe before she goes to bed."

An imaginative young man, laboring over the gradual encroachments of womankind on masculine territory in the matter of dress, breaks into song as follows:

"They took our coats—at first we hardly missed 'em;
And then they aped our dickeys and cravats;
They stole our sacks—we only laughed and kissed 'em—
Emboldened, then they stole our very hats;
Until, by slow and sure degrees, the witches
Have taken all—our coats, hats, boots, and breeches!"

The following version of an ancient ditty is circulating as a means of fixing Vanderbilt in the juvenile mind:

"That is the man the bears have torn,
That married the maiden all forlorn,
That took the Wall Street bull by the horn,
That tossed Jim Fisk, that worried Dan Drew,
That loosed the rats that stole the stock
That lay in the house that Vander-bilt."

The Latest Quotations in the Matrimonial Market.—Marriages scarce and depressed; engagements dull and but few coming forward; courtships long and lingering; mercantile business dull; scandal market overstocked; beaux, supplies light, stock inferior and in good demand; discarded lovers plenty and stock accumulating; tattling, a good assortment.

Babies are described as coupons attached to the bond of matrimony.

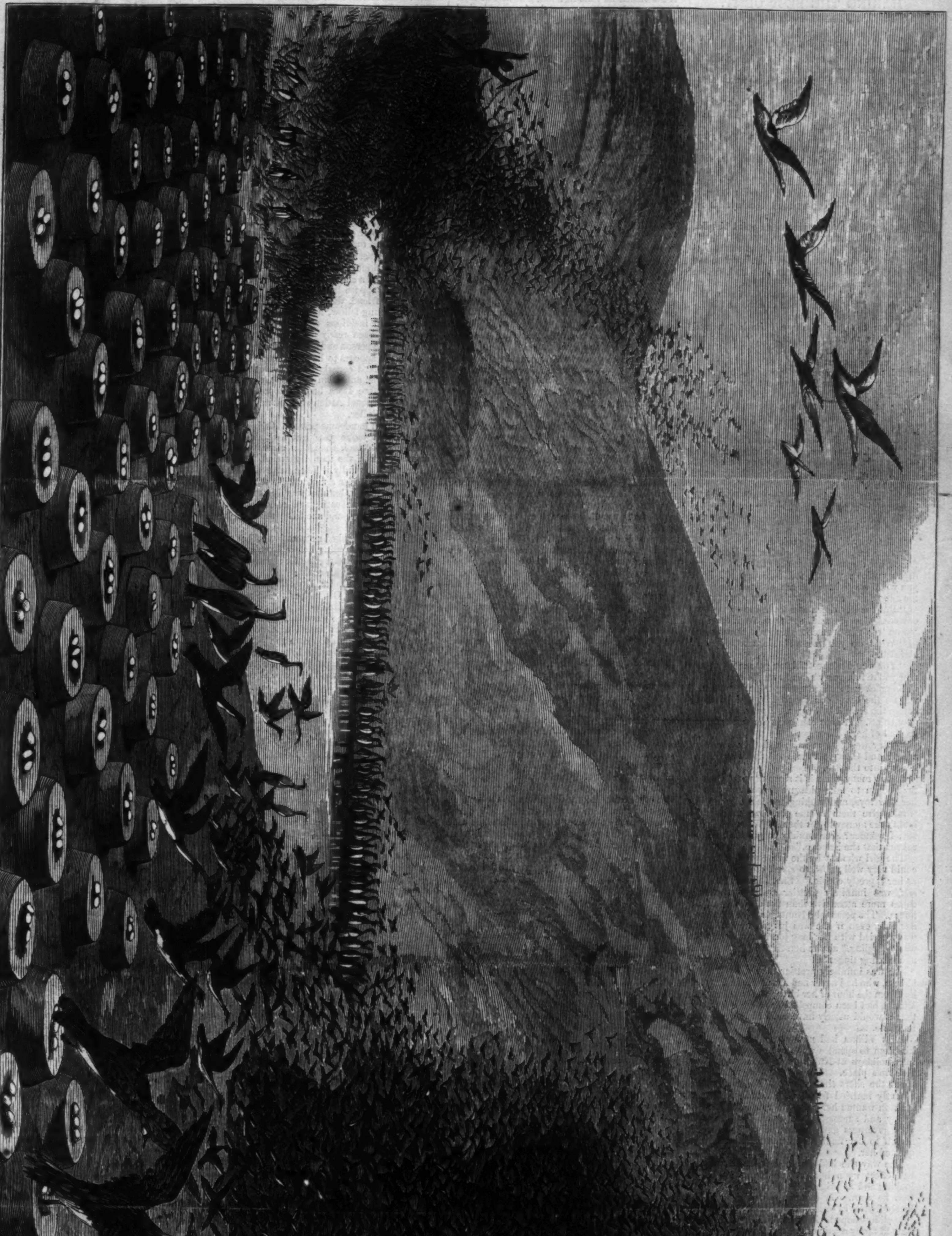
"Why don't the men propose, mamma,
Why don't the men propose?
Each one seems coming to the point,
And then away he goes."
"They are frightened at your cost, my dear;
They are thinking of your clothes."

When Haddock's wife kicked him out of bed he said, "Look here, now, if you do that again it will be likely to cause a coldness in this family."

Fatal Fall—An unhealthy autumn.

Why would Samson have made an excellent actor?—Because he could so easily bring down the house.

THE GREAT FLOOD, OCTOBER, 1869.—[See Page 679.]



CORMORANTS' NESTS ON MAGDALENA ISLAND, STRAIT OF MAGELLAN.—[See Page 679.]

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

By ANNIE THOMAS.

"Beauty is easy enough to win,
But one isn't loved every day."

"My face tingles so from the cold air that I shall be unfit for publication for some hours. Let me off the dinner; leave me up here quietly till later—do, Dora."

"Up here" was in Dora Ralston's dressing-room; and the one who wanted to be left there was her cousin, Georgina Villars.

"Nonsense, Georgie; your face will do very well, and I won't have every one disappointed. Here for three days hope has told the flattering tale of your coming, and expectation has been strained to the utmost; and you did not come, and I have had to strain my imagination and suggest improbable causes for the delay. Now get up and dress."

The speaker was a pretty, graceful blonde, who was giving a good deal of attention to the reflection of herself in the glass, and to the disposition of some flowers in her hair. When she had satisfactorily adjusted the last petal, drawn on her gloves, and possessed herself of her fan, she turned round to the couch at the foot of her bed, on which in an attitude of ease and indolence Miss Villars was stretched.

"I am too lazy to move," the last-named young lady murmured, sleepily. "Do let me alone, there's a dear Dora. You look so joyous that I must shut out the sight of you," she continued, pulling her hat nearly over her eyes.

"No wonder your face tingles: you must be suffocated with all these wraps on," Dora said, trying to get her cousin's cloak and hat off. "There is still twenty minutes for you. Do begin to dress—I will help you."

Georgie leisurely drew a key from her pocket.

"Unlock my trunk, then," she said, "and take out the first dress you find, and all that I want. When you have taken the things out I will get up."

"Mamma's maid shall help you," Dora said, looking impatiently at the key. "I rather want to be down in the drawing-room, to tell the truth."

"Yes, why?" Georgie asked.

"Mamma wishes me to go down," Dora said, falling back upon her sense of filial duty by way of obligation; "but I feel sure that if I leave you you'll stay where you are, and that would be too annoying. Really I don't know what to do."

"Put the key down and leave me to my own devices," Georgie said, springing from the sofa. "You won't let well enough alone, Dora."

"What do you mean?" Dora asked, half alarmed.

"You would not rest till you got me here; and now you're in a hurry to show me," Georgie said, walking over to the dressing-table. "Well, I will do the best I can for myself, and be down before the second bell rings. I promise; so you may be off. If aunt can spare her maid, I shall be glad of her. Now go."

"Very well," Dora said, and then she went away; and Georgie Villars sat down again and looked into the fire.

"How many years is it since my pretty cousin first began to take pleasure in showing me all her new toys, and making me feel that no one would give them to me for love, and that I hadn't the money to get them? What is her new toy, I wonder? her anxiety to get me here betokens that she has one."

The girl who sat by the fire and thought this could very well afford to speak of Dora Ralston as her "pretty cousin." She, Miss Villars herself, was infinitely prettier and ten thousand times more attractive than the daughter of the house. The personal advantages were clearly on her side, even if she was judged now that she was wearied with her long journey, and her face was "tingling," as she herself said, "to a most unbecoming tinge."

She was infinitely prettier than the pampered blonde, who had never had a crumple in her rose-leaf from the hour of her birth. Yet she, Georgie Villars, had been compelled to rough it in a way that it would utterly have crushed Dora to contemplate.

Miss Villars had now come half across the kingdom to spend a week or two of the Christmas holidays at Knighton Hall, her uncle Mr. Ralston's place. She would much rather have spent the short time that was her own with a recently married friend in London. But Dora Ralston wanted her cousin to come and see how happy and successful she (Dora) was. So the poor governess gave up her pet plan, sacrificed herself to her family, and came when they requested her.

The way she had roughed it had not had a bad effect upon her yet. She was as bright-looking and as bright-hearted a beauty as could well be seen. A moderate-sized girl, with a lovely figure, at once graceful and stately, and a splendidly-shaped, richly-colored little oval face, lighted up by a pair of dark, melting eyes, whose brilliancy was tempered by long, curling lashes that would rest on her cheek when she lowered them.

"The affectionate solicitude of my uncle and aunt will be most sorely tried if I don't go down to dinner, I suppose," she said to herself, as she got up from her chair about ten minutes after Dora had left her. There was a little sneer on her lip for a moment, but it died away, and was succeeded by a beaming, blushing smile, as she thought, "Well, it's only for a while, it will soon be over." Then she fell to the task of dressing with a will; rolled her wavy dark hair high up round the top of her head in a luxuriant loose cable, opened her box, took out a mass of drapery, and in a few minutes stood in the midst of clouds of gray gauze, with strings of gray Roman pearls round her throat and arms, and gray gloves on her slender small hands.

She wasted no time in looking at herself after she was ready. She opened the door and looked into a dark passage, for Mr. and Mrs. Ralston reserved all their lamps and candles for such portions of the house as fell under the observation of strangers. This was essentially the family corridor, and the family had learned to stumble up and down in safety. Friends, in speaking of the Ralstons, described them as averse to "unnecessary expenditure;" those who were not blinded by affection or tongue-tied by interest called them "disgustingly mean."

Georgie was nearly a stranger in the house, despite her relationship with the owner of it. When her father died, leaving her alone in the world without money, he recommended her to apply to her uncle Ralston for protection and advice. She was not twenty then, but she was far too clever to apply to Mr. Ralston; she wrote and told him of her father's death, and he in return wrote in a rebuking strain that was very hard to read. It was difficult to define what he blamed her for, but she had a feeling that he did blame her for something. The advice he gave her was comprised in the suggestion that she should "do something for herself, respectably, and always bear in mind that he should feel it very much if she disgraced herself." Being a very practical, sensible girl, she felt no resentment either at what he said or at what he left undone, but just took what he gave—the advice—namely, to do something for herself respectably.

What she did was what thousands of women as young, as fair, as fascinating, and as unfit for it as herself have to do. She went out as a governess, and ran the gauntlet of several families, in which more or less hard measure was dealt out to her. Once or twice a year, whenever she moved from one place to another, she wrote to her relations at Knighton Hall, and apprised them of her well-being and whereabouts. These letters were generally answered by Dora, who said regularly that they "hoped soon to see her at Knighton"—a hope that had not been realized until this time of which I write.

When Georgie had with danger and difficulty got through the dark passage where none but the family were free to break their necks, she found her way down easily over a handsomely carpeted, liberally lighted staircase into a hall where a huge fire burned in a centre stove, and where two or three men in livery stood about. One of these advanced before her, opened a door, announced her name, and the next moment she was, so to speak, in the bosom of her family.

It was a warm, not to say a hot, welcome that was awarded her. Mr. Ralston—a rotund, pursy little man, about five feet high, with a fat crimson face, and no nose worth mentioning—strutted up to her as she entered, and patting her effusively on the shoulder, vociferously declared her to be his "dear little niece, Georgie, by Jove! whom he remembered when she was that high" (holding his hand two inches and a half from the floor). Then he patted her again, and propelled her forward to receive the more subdued welcome Mrs. Ralston offered her.

Mrs. Ralston was a hard-featured little woman, with dull gray eyes, and an acute, suspicious expression of face. A cold, cat-like, quiet little woman, who never offended people by reason of her extreme caution, but who could be antagonistic to them to an extraordinary degree when she had once made up her mind that it behooved her to be so. She welcomed her husband's niece, Georgie Villars, now with perfect politeness, but with none of the fervor that had characterized Mr. Ralston's greeting of the girl. And yet, for all her aunt's comparative frigidity, Georgie had an instinctive feeling that she (Mrs. Ralston) was the one to be trusted most in the family.

She looked round on the rest of the guests—on those to whom Dora had imperiously given her to understand she had been promised as a sight. And at the first glance she found them all wanting in all the elements that went to make people interesting to her. There were two or three elderly gentlemen and ladies of the unmistakable type that speaks of squirearchy and seclusion; country neighbors, evidently, who would take stock of the dinner presently, and return it in kind before the expiration of a month. There was one young lady—young at least by courtesy—who was unmarried still, and was therefore obliged, by her sense of duty to herself, to weary the bones that were growing antique by playing croquet, and dancing whenever she was given the opportunity. And lastly, there were two men—evidently unappropriated men; and "which of them is Dora's new toy?" Georgie Villars thought as her eyes fell on them. Then, before she had time to speculate farther, one of these men was being presented to her as Mr. Buller, and he was offering her his arm to lead her in to dinner.

"Who is our *vis-à-vis?*" she asked, after a short time, when the dinner-table conversation—or gabble, rather—was in such full swing that there was no chance of her being overheard. Their *vis-à-vis* was the other evidently unappropriated man; and it was equally evident that Dora Ralston did not mean him to be unappropriated much longer.

"Sir Lionel Arden," Mr. Buller answered, and instinctively, as he answered, he could not help glancing keenly at the girl by his side, in order to see whether or not she appeared to be in the least degree impressed with the sound of the title.

But Georgie's glorious eyes surveyed her *vis-à-vis* with the same calm indifference that had lived in them before her companion had told the tale of the title. Presently these same glorious eyes floated languidly on and rested on her cousin Dora; and then Mr. Buller, still watching her keenly, saw her lips part and her eyes deepen with amusement.

"Is he a new or an old *habitué* of my uncle's house?" she asked, after a pause; "I don't remember his name even having been mentioned to me before."

"An old acquaintance, but quite a recent *habitué*," Mr. Buller replied. "He has been a comparative recluse for some years; but your cousin's charms have lured him out of his solitude, and, if report speaks truly, will lure him into matrimony again."

"Is he a widower, then?"

"Yes. His first wife died when they had been married little more than a year; she was very young, too, and very lovely, which added to the melancholiness of her death. Poor Arden! I, for one, never expected to see him sunning himself in ladies' glances again."

Georgie was watching the man at her side attentively as he spoke, and it seemed to her that an element of bitterness mingled with his astonishment at "poor Arden's" relapse into comparative happiness again. Could the bitterness be caused by her cousin Dora? She determined to try and find out.

"It was expecting too much of a man of that type of physique that he should be faithful to the memory of a shade forever," she said.

"Yes, I suppose it was; nevertheless I, Arden's oldest friend, did expect it of him. Even as a very young fellow, he would not accept the flatteries and insidious courtesies that women have always been ready to lavish upon him for his handsome person and his fascinating address. Your cousin appears to have conquered, however." He looked eagerly for an instant at Dora as he said this, and from his look Georgie gathered that before Dora had attempted the conquest of Sir Lionel Arden she had accomplished that of Mr. Buller.

"He has a handsome person. Of his fascinations I can't judge yet; but I think I should prefer another look than that almost boyishly-sanguine one in the man I married," she said, critically and artfully. Then her eyes rested on Mr. Buller's face for a moment—a face that was handsome enough, but that was lined with much thought and some care; and as she looked he felt all her beauty, and she felt "this man has a history."

Georgie Villars asked no questions of her cousin until they were standing before Dora's dressing-room fire, previous to parting for the night. Then she asked two, half-absently:

"What is Mr. Buller, Dora?"

"What is he? Oh, rather a nice man, with very funny ideas. He had a good property until a year ago; then he gave it up, because some rubbishing paper was found, written by his father, requesting him to share the property that he had been brought up as heir to with an elder brother, by a private marriage, of whom he had never heard. Papa said the request would have been blown to pieces in a court of law. But Mr. Buller goes in for being honorable, and chivalrous, and all that rubbish; so he sacrificed to his unknown brother, and went himself as a tutor—fancy it!" Dora wound up in a tone of such angry scorn that Georgie Villars read off some back numbers in Mr. Buller's history very easily.

"And, I suppose, before he did this very despicably chivalrous thing, that you had some interest in him?" she asked, sarcastically.

"Indeed I had," Dora answered, earnestly. "We were engaged, but I got papa to break it off at once; he's down staying in the neighborhood for the Christmas holidays now, and he will come here and let me see that he likes me still—though, of course, it's very painful to me." Dora put her pretty little head affectedly on one side as she spoke, and looked pensively down at nothing through her long eyelashes for a moment. Then she resumed:

"But, though a marriage between us is quite out of the question now, I have the highest respect for him, and I should like to see him happy; you would suit each other so well, Georgie. I had the possibility in my mind when I made you come down now. I hope you'll fall in love with one another."

"Thank you," Georgie said, dryly. "I thought that I should be offered a reversionary interest in one of your broken toys if I came down; it was always a habit of yours to do so, if you remember, dear; and I am duly grateful. What is Sir Lionel Arden—to you?"

"Nothing definite yet; we are not quite engaged, that is," she added, hurriedly; "but he admires me more than any one he has ever seen—more even than he did the wife who died so long ago."

"Has he told you this? If he has, it is definite enough, I think."

"He hasn't exactly told me," Dora said, hesitatingly; "but I can read it in his manner, and in Mr. Buller's as well. Arthur Buller can't conceal the fact that he sees what Sir Lionel wants—it's so silly of him."

"Did you ever love Mr. Buller, dear?" Georgie asked, softly.

"Oh, desperately at one time!"

"But you showed him no favor when his fortunes fell?"

"I have shown him some now by introducing him to my lovely cousin," the heiress of Knighton Hall answered, lightly. Then Georgie yawned, kissed her cousin, and listlessly turned away to her own room. "The heartless coquette!" she said to herself, as soon as she was alone. "She will be punished. The banished lover has no eyes for me, but the baronet has."

With unwonted hospitality Mr. Ralston had invited Sir Lionel Arden to be his guest for the ensuing week; and when he had accepted the invitation he had acknowledged to himself that lovely, fair, volatile Dora was the magnet that attracted him to Knighton Hall. However, he had not been there three days before he discovered that for him there was a powerful attraction, in the shape of Dora's splendid cousin, Miss Villars. And Dora herself awoke partially to the fact; and, scenting danger, and unable to tell how best to avert it, she entreated her mother to "get Arthur Buller there to stay." "He is just the sort of semi-romantic hero to take Georgie's fancy," she said; "and at present Georgie does force her society on Sir Lionel in such a forward way."

"I always thought her a bold and unscrupulous young woman," Mrs. Ralston said, shrewishly. She, too, saw how things were going. Sir Lionel rarely left her husband's lovely niece's side. But on no account would she have blamed the man. The woman in such cases as these always has to bear the brunt of it. So she called Georgie bold and unscrupulous, and declared that it was evidently disgusting to Sir Lionel the way in which she ran after him.

Mr. Buller came as invited, but his coming made no manner of difference to the pair of delinquents. It was utterly and entirely untrue that Georgie was bold or unscrupulous, and that she ran after or disgusted him. But she did not shun him. The man had a charm for her quite independent of his title and his wealth; and, since he sought her, why should she deny herself the happiness which that charm shed over their intercourse? She did not shun him, and he sought her; and Dora waxed very wrath, and strove to revenge herself by flirting vehemently with her old love.

"Dora, you're a fool to go on as you do," her mother said to her with cold decision one day; "but Georgie must go. I shall manage to get rid of her, and at the same time let Sir Lionel know what her position is when she is not here. He won't wish to marry a teacher out of a school, I fancy."

So that day at luncheon the attack which was intended to rout Georgie was commenced in the following way:

"What length holidays do they give at your school, Georgie?"

"Six weeks," Georgie answered, blushing a little. She was not ashamed of the reference to her position—that had been confided to Sir Lionel—but of the meanness of her aunt's attack she was most heartily.

"Dreadfully long!" that lady said; "most unjust to both parents and children, I think, to give such long holidays. Had you taken another situation for the time, then, that you were so unwilling to come to Knighton for a week?"

"No. I wanted to go to some dear old friends to stay the whole time," Georgie said, spiritedly.

"Lucky people! to be able to spare a room to one guest for the whole six weeks," Mrs. Ralston said, attempting a little laugh; and then Georgie said, simply, that she "would not monopolize a room at Knighton any longer."

"Well, you see we have a good many friends to receive," Mrs. Ralston said, half-apologetically; "and if you really would not mind, dear, and as your friends are so anxious to have you—" Mrs. Ralston began to stammer and blunder under the fell consciousness of being keenly observed by both Sir Lionel Arden and Mr. Buller—keenly observed by them, and satirically observed by her niece.

"I shall not mind it in the least, aunt," that young lady said, smiling; "but I am not so sure about my friends—"

"Oh, I imagined that they were friends on whom you could rely," Mrs. Ralston interrupted, sneeringly. "Of course if you can't go to them—"

"I can go elsewhere," Georgie interrupted her aunt. "Rely! it does not do to rely on any one, I am beginning to think," the girl added, sorrowfully. Then, remembering that a semblance of sorrow was in bad taste in superficial society, she banished it, and resumed with a smile,

"I must be false myself this afternoon—false to Dora. I promised her that I would go for a drive with her, and instead of that I must stay in and make some of my arrangements."

"My maid can pack for you, dear," her aunt said, suavely.

"You—and she—are very good; but it's not the packing so much as some letters, which, by-the-way, must be written before post-time," she continued, jumping up, and so dissolving a meeting in which were too many of the elements of embarrassment to be perfectly agreeable to any one.

About an hour after this Dora, exquisitely habited in a driving costume of black velvet and white arctic fox-skin, was standing on the lower step of the flight that led up to Knighton Hall, flickering her whip and watching her ponies. They were a pretty pair, small grays, neatly matched, nicely groomed. But she was resolving in her own mind that she would have something very superior to them when she was Lady Arden.

It was a great relief to her that her cousin was not going with her this afternoon. It was an even greater relief that her cousin was going away altogether. Not that Miss Dora Ralston paid herself the poor compliment of imagining that she needed a clear field. Still Sir Lionel had not come to the definite point so speedily as she had believed he would do before Georgie came upon the ground. "The mere sight of too many girls bothers and distracts a man," the pretty heiress of Knighton told herself confidentially; "he is apt to get a feeling of being begirled, and to calculate the cost of so many costumes *en masse.*" Then she turned round and darted an impatient look into the hall. Her cavalier, for Sir Lionel was going to ride by the side of her carriage, was long in coming, and Dora detested waiting.

She meant that this drive should do great things for her. Not that the actual proposal could be made during it, because her little tiger occupied the perch behind; but it would be a magnificent opportunity for paving the way to

the actual proposal. Revolving these things in her mind, it was with a feeling of horror that she saw Mr. Buller approaching her. It was with a feeling of even greater horror that she heard him say:

"Will you accept my escort instead of Arden's, Miss Ralston?"

"What do you mean?" she stammered, not liking to refuse the old love such a trifling favor, and yet hating to grant it.

"I mean that, from what I gathered from him ten minutes ago, he will be too busy to keep his engagement."

"Impossible!" she said, angrily; and at that moment Sir Lionel Arden came out hurriedly toward her.

"A thousand apologies, my dear Miss Ralston!" he began. "Something has occurred to prevent my having the pleasure I promised myself this morning. Business of importance—"

"Takes you away?" she asked, eagerly.

"It may almost immediately, but not to-day; still, I must take steps toward settling it to-day. You will excuse me and forgive me?" he pleaded.

"Both, certainly," Dora said, in a strained tone, as she got into her pony-carriage. Then she nodded a cool farewell to both the men, and drove rapidly.

"Piqued, by Jove!" Sir Lionel said, shrugging his shoulders carelessly. "I could do no other, though."

"Have you any business of importance on hand this afternoon?" Mr. Buller asked, dubiously.

"I have, indeed; about the most important a man can have, I fancy. I want to ask a woman to be my wife."

"And that woman is not Miss Ralston?"

"That woman is *not* Miss Ralston," the other one said, emphatically. "How it might have been if she had not seemed so sure of me I don't know. As it is, my business this afternoon is to try and get a word with her cousin."

The two men separated soon after this. One of them went into the house. The other one sauntered away down the avenue that led to the entrance-gate, through which Dora would pass by-and-by on her way home. "She may listen to me now," he thought, with that queer, inexplicable hankering after a woman whom he felt to be unworthy of him which is a foe some men can not conquer. It is needless to say that the man who thought this was the discarded lover, Arthur Buller. The baronet had gone in to wait an opportunity for the fair sake of Georgie Villars.

"She said she had letters to write, so she is sure to come to the study in time," he thought, wending his way to that apartment. He had not been in Mrs. Ralston's house long; but he had been there long enough to discover that that excellent lady deemed that a bedroom was a place to sleep, not to write or sit in. Accordingly, there were no aids to caligraphy in any one of the bedchambers. People had to answer importunate lovers and wives and duns in the sight of all men down in the study. So in the study Sir Lionel Arden seated himself, and presently unto him there entered Mrs. Ralston.

She gave a start of unmitigated surprise and displeasure when she found that he had not gone with her daughter; for both mother and daughter had decided that a *coup* would be made that day. "I didn't expect to see you here," she said; and he explained that he had important business to write and think about that afternoon.

"You're not thinking of leaving us, I hope," she said, with anxious suavity.

"I have not thought about it yet, Mrs. Ralston; but I may find myself compelled to do so sooner than I had anticipated," he replied, politely.

"Dear me! how our party seems to be breaking up!" Mrs. Ralston said. "There is Georgie going unexpectedly, as one may say; but there—that is nothing; Georgie always was glad to get away from her own relations to strangers who don't care a rap about her."

This, on the face of it, seemed rather unjust from the lips of a woman who had herself suggested that Georgie should go, Sir Lionel thought. But he held his peace, and Mrs. Ralston presently resumed:

"The willfulness of that girl is past belief, Sir Lionel. I shall pity the man who marries her, if she ever does succeed in getting a man to do it; but, as I tell her uncle, she is too bold-faced about it. I am sure she has been nothing but an anxiety to us all her life;" and Mrs. Ralston sighed as she concluded.

How cordially the man wished that he could say, "She shall be an anxiety to you no longer; she is going to be my loved and honored wife!" But he dared not do it. Georgie was poor and friendless, and he was rich and powerful, but all the same her assent was not to be taken for granted. He restrained himself, therefore, and suffered Mrs. Ralston's tongue to run on apace unchecked. After a time the hostess withdrew. She had some rather important household business to attend to, but she would have gladly neglected it had the possibility of Georgie's coming down and finding Sir Lionel alone presented itself to her. As it was, she went about in happy unconsciousness that, about half an hour after she left him, such an enormity did actually take place.

Now, before Dora came down equipped for conquest and her drive that day, she had told Georgie, in all but the plainest terms, that she was engaged to Sir Lionel Arden.

"I am a little late," Dora had said, carelessly, looking at her watch when she had adjusted her hat; "but one may venture to keep a man waiting a little when he is only just fettered."

"And is he just fettered?" Georgie had asked; and Dora had replied:

"Yes, my dear; my days of frivolity and flirtation and freedom and female friendships are numbered."

This speech was in Miss Villars's mind as she came slowly into the study. "He deserved something better than my butterfly cousin," she was saying to herself, when she caught sight of him seated at a Davenport writing.

"Is Dora home?" she asked, quickly.

"I don't know, Miss Villars," he answered, looking up cheerfully; and then, seeing that she hesitated about coming on, he rose up and advanced toward her, passed her, shut the door, and very much astonished her by doing these things.

"I could not avail myself of the honor your cousin offered me this afternoon," he said, coming up to her and speaking in a low voice. "I had other weightier business on my mind."

"Indeed," she said, quietly. "I will not disturb you;" and she turned to leave the room. Was the man going to confide to *her* that he was writing to town to have the family jewels reset for Dora?

"But you will disturb me most painfully if you do leave me," he said, earnestly. "Miss Villars, I have something to say to you. I came here thinking your cousin a pretty, innocent young girl; like a fool, I believed her to be interested in me really; and I thought that, if she was this, I might easily come to be interested in her, and to be happy with her as my wife. I came here, and that dream dissolved, and I am dreaming another in its place."

"From which you will awake as speedily," she said, half scornfully.

"From which I trust I shall only awake to find it a reality," he said, eagerly. "I am dreaming of a nobler woman now, Georgie; of one who is more to me already than Dora could ever have been. I am open to the charge of loving hastily, I know; how lastingly I can love, you only can help me to prove."

He paused for an answer, and none came. Georgie, flushed, bewildered, tearful, stood looking upon him with blank amazement. She had given him her heart hastily enough, and there was balm in the thought that she had not given it for nothing. But there was no balm in the memory that he was her cousin's affianced lover, and that she (Georgie) was a traitress, therefore, for listening to him.

"How will you ever look Dora in the face again after saying such words to me?" she stammered, at last.

"Dora's is a pretty face, but I don't care much about seeing it again," he said, laughing; "besides, she can't slay me for having evaded her toils."

"But are you not engaged to her?" Georgie asked.

"Thank Heaven, no! I mean nothing disparaging to pretty Dora; but when a man has a chance, or fancies he has a chance, of the highest, he does not gratefully grasp at what may be hanging beneath. You may answer me without a back thought of your cousin; even if you did not exist, I could not marry her."

"Then I will help you to prove that you can love lastingly," Georgie said, shyly; and they made their compact quickly, and sealed it with Love's own seal—a kiss.

Meanwhile Dora was making the best of it. Her discomfiture had been very great during her outward-bound drive; but on her way home she had met Mr. Buller, and her heart had softened at the sight of him as it never would have softened had Sir Lionel not wounded her vanity. She pulled up and spoke to him.

"I would offer you a seat, but it's a shame to try the springs of my carriage by driving three people in it," she said, good-naturedly.

"Then send the boy home walking," he said, promptly; and as Dora did not definitely object, the boy was sent home, and Mr. Buller got up by Dora's side, and they drove slowly on together.

"Dora," he said, softly, after a few minutes' silence, "do you ever think of the old days?"

"Yes—sometimes," Dora said, confusedly.

"Do you ever remember how dearly I loved you; do you ever feel that it is good to be so loved by a man? I won't take advantage of any confession you may make to me; I only want to feel that you have not quite succeeded in obliterating the past."

"Not a bit of it," Dora said, promptly.

"Why can't we resuscitate that past?" he pleaded.

"Why, you see," Dora began, nervously, "you would do such a *silly* thing—give up every thing, and leave yourself so poor! It wasn't my fault. Papa broke it off."

"You can't do without luxuries? Believe me, love is the greatest of them. I could keep you comfortably as my wife; but your father is a rich man, and could give you all you desired, and would, I believe, if you asked him."

Dora pouted. She did not wish to quite refuse or to accept this man. She wanted to keep him on until she could see how things would go with Sir Lionel. So the wily little diplomatist pretended to sob, and then said:

"I dare not listen any more now; I dare not, indeed; I feel in a cloud. I will answer you to-morrow, Arthur." Then she whipped her ponies, and drove home quickly; and he was steeped in happiness because a coquette had called him by his Christian name.

Astounding news met her on her return. Her mother came flustered and hot to Dora's room.

"Here's a pretty thing!" the agitated lady began.

"What is it, mamma?"

"What is it?" Mrs. Ralston said, mimicking her. "Nothing to mince about, I can tell you, though I have foreseen from the moment your papa and you were such fools as to urge that Georgie should be asked here. Why, she has entrapped Sir Lionel into making her an offer."

"And she has accepted it?" Dora asked eagerly.

"Accepted it!—she has jumped at it."

Dora heaved a big sigh and sat down suddenly, as if she had been shot.

"It does seem hard, horribly hard," she said at last, letting a few tears fall. "All our lives I have had the best of every thing, and Georgie has only come in for what I didn't care to take; I never thought she would have turned upon me in this way."

"Has he said nothing to you—nothing that we can take hold of?" asked Mrs. Ralston.

"Nothing," Dora said, defiantly; "it's no use to look savagely at me, mamma. I would have had him say things fast enough if I could, to please papa and you; although," she added, virtuously, "I never could have given him my heart, as I shall take care to let every body know."

"What do you mean to do?" her mother asked, in some surprise.

"Marry where I love," Miss Dora said, quietly. "Now, mamma, let us be sensible; we should both hate to hear that people thought he had thrown me over for my cousin; and people will think that if we don't crush them with the fact of my prior engagement."

"But you have no prior engagement," Mrs. Ralston said, waxing more and more wrathful as she waxed more and more puzzled.

"But I can have one very easily. Arthur Buller proposed to me again this afternoon, and I told him to wait till to-morrow for my decision; now I will give it to him before dinner, so that papa will be able to give the health of the two engaged pairs. Now, mamma, it's no use; my plan is the only one to be followed; we must make the best of it."

So Dora's advice was taken, and the happy pairs were toasted most affably that night by Mr. Ralston. The weddings took place on the same day, about two months after these events, and Dora had the intense satisfaction of giving the impression, and seeing the impression take root, that Sir Lionel would never have turned to Georgie had she (Dora) been free. She prides herself much on having made the best of it, and on having harmlessly deceived every one, including her husband.

As for him, he loves her for what she is to him. He knows she is not a "perfect woman nobly planned;" nor a very high-principled one, for that matter. But he is satisfied; and his great gifts of loving, and power of "long-suffering, make him what Dora calls "very easy to live with."

But he knows as well as Sir Lionel and Lady Arden do that speedy answer to his suit was not given gratuitously. It was paid down as the price of silence on the subject of her hopes respecting the baronetcy. But, though there is something humiliating in this, Mr. Buller is wise enough to recognize that it is also expedient to make the best of it.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

It may interest some of our readers to know the cause of the recent high tides. The new moon was on the earth's equator, and was at the same time in perigee (that is, nearest the earth)—a conjunction of circumstances said to threaten high tides and destructive storms. On the 5th of October a straight line drawn from the centre of the earth would have passed directly through the moon and the sun, both being on the same side of the earth. The sun and moon thus exercised their greatest attractive power on the water, and a high tidal wave was the result.

An American watch-maker is reported to have made a chance discovery that the balance-wheel in nearly every watch is, if made of steel, converted into a magnet. If this is a fact, the magnetic character of the wheel will account for many perturbations in watches which have hitherto been inexplicable. A key or the steel blade of a knife in the same pocket as the watch will exert a disturbing influence. But even if there should be no piece of steel in the pocket the magnet will necessarily tend toward the north, and so far interfere with the calculations of the watch-maker in a very delicate piece of mechanism.

The Trustees of the Avondale Relief Fund assure the public that the fund is specific; that it is given solely for the aid and relief of those persons who survive the appalling death which involved husbands, fathers, brothers, and sons; and that to no other charity, present or prospective, shall any of the fund be assigned. It is proposed that all but $40,000 be distributed within a year to the widows and orphans. The $40,000 will be permanently invested.

In an interesting sketch of "the great American magazines" the *Evening Mail* places *Harper's Monthly* at the head of the list—"a position," it remarks, "to which its age and general merit entitle it." The *Mail* goes on to say: "It was once the fashion, in the fallow days of American literary criticism, for critics to talk lightly of *Harper's*; but the public were, as always, practically indifferent to the critics, and true to their own tastes, and they bought the magazine by the hundred thousand. The variety, quantity, and adaptedness of the matter furnished by this magazine are something surprising. It does not claim to be a great 'literary moulding influence,' or any thing of the sort. It only claims to give, and does give, for the price, a surprising quantity of excellent matter, profusely and well illustrated, and of a kind that the people care to read."

"A week ago I was worth $80,000 clear of the world. To-day every dollar I can get together will amount to just $65." Such was the remark of a gentleman in Wall Street one day during the late financial panic, and hundreds might have made somewhat similar statements. Said one broker: "I have been on the street thirty years, and I never knew there were such thieves in existence until to-day." If gambling in gold and stocks brought, in such a crisis as has just occurred, its just punishment upon the dishonest gamblers only, it were well; but thousands and thousands have suffered innocently, and in various ways. There is a general sympathy expressed for some firms, who have been honorable and honest in their dealings, but who have experienced a total failure.

It is rather unique taste that has induced Miss Middy Morgan to choose for her business one which has belonged especially to men—namely, cattle reporting. Yet, according to the *Revolution*, she is peculiarly well fitted for this line of business. Horses and other domestic animals have been a passion with her from childhood. Her father was an Irish country gentleman, and an enthusiastic fox-hunter. His daughter shared, with passion, his predilection, and quailed at no obstacle that her horse was willing to leap. No hedge, ditch, or gate that her fellow-hunters cleared was refused by her; and notwithstanding several falls, and three dislocations of bones, her ardor remained unchecked. At her father's death she wound up his estate, and sojourned in Italy after a course of European travel. Her extraordinary knowledge of horses attracted the notice of some noted persons in foreign countries, and she was even commissioned, at one time, to purchase horses for King Victor Emanuel. She is about thirty, and is said to be in many respects a superior woman, speaking several languages, and possessing a well-cultivated mind.

One of the pleasantest affairs of the season was a musical entertainment lately given by Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, at New Hartford, Connecticut—pleasant, because given with no thought of gain or gold. The audience consisted of about four hundred operatives belonging to various factories in the vicinity, who had been invited to the musical treat. Miss Kellogg presided at the piano, and sang every variety of song, and in many different languages, so that every one would have something that suited their taste. The delight experienced by the poor working-people language fails to express. They were almost wild with enthusiasm. Those that could not gain admittance surrounded the residence, and from without enjoyed the delicious notes.

Professor Faber's speaking-machine has been exhibited at the International Horticultural Exhibition at Hamburg. It is said to articulate various words, and even to answer questions and simple sentences with wonderful distinctness.

It is satisfactory to hear that M. Armand, a French savant, has stated to the Academy of Sciences that he has discovered a sure antidote to nicotine in the common water-cress. It destroys the poisonous effects of nicotine, and yet does not alter the aroma of tobacco. A solution of water-cress may therefore be employed for steeping the leaves of tobacco, and would thus divest them of their noxious properties, and, moreover, a draught of the same will act as a sure antidote to nicotine. In the face of this important discovery, anti-tobacco societies will no longer have any excuse for the affectionate interest they have hitherto displayed in the health of smokers, or for the lavish abuse they have so freely bestowed upon their victims. Instead of tracts, the anti-tobacconists should now distribute water-cresses.

The following is a description of the manner in which marriages among the Scotch peasantry were formerly conducted: The fond swain who had resolved to make proposals sent for the object of his affection to the village ale-house, previously informing the landlady of his intentions. The damsel, who knew the purpose of the message, busked herself in her best attire and waited on her admirer. She was entertained with a glass of ale; then the swain proceeded with his tale of love. A dialogue like the following ensued: "I'm gaun to speir whether ye will tak me, Jenny." "Deed, Jock, I thocht ye micht has speir't that lang syne." "They said ye wad refuse me, lassie." "Then they're leers, Jock." "An' so ye'll no refuse me, lassie?" "I've tell't ye that twice owre already, Jock." Then came the formal act of betrothal. The parties pressed the thumbs of their right hands, which they licked, together, and vowed fidelity. The ceremony possessed the solemnity of an oath, the violator of such an engagement being considered guilty of perjury. In allusion to this practice a favorite Scottish song commences:

"There's my thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee."

In 1866 there were sent over the wires in the United States 12,904,770 messages, a larger number than in Great Britain, France, and Austria combined.

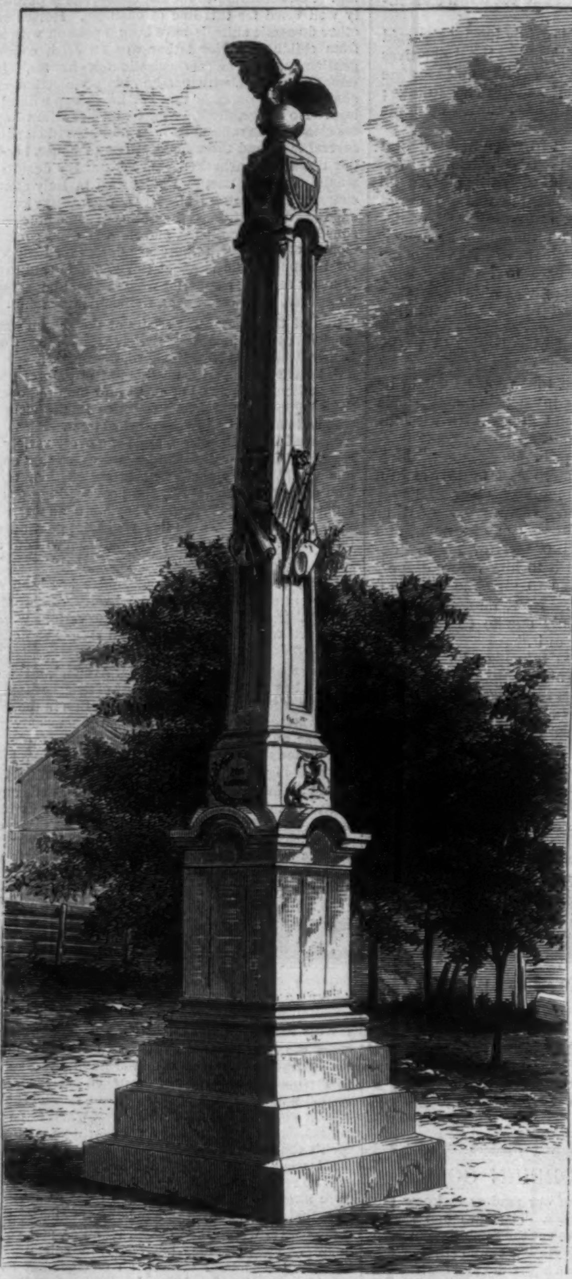
That English ladies are getting their fair share, at least, of literary work, will be seen from the fact that four magazines are now edited by ladies; and, also, that three or four of the best known writers of magazine fictions are of the gentler sex.

Among many sensible remarks of the late Lord Palmerston, his suggestions on the subject of legible handwriting are well worthy of attention. His lordship, who wrote a very plain, clear hand himself, thought every body ought to be able to write in characters easily decipherable. We think so too; the object of all writing is that it may be read. Many of our eminent men write a most abominable scrawl. Every body knows Mr. Dickens's sketch of a learned sergeant, whose opinions all the solicitors sought on the most abstruse points of law, and whose old clerk was the only person in the world who could decipher them when the counsel had written them out. The great humorist himself, however, is an offender in this respect.

Here is a man who would have delighted the Vicar of Wakefield's heart. Jeremy Washbourne, when a young man, married, and when he had reached thirty his wife died, leaving him a father of ten children. He married again. At the age of forty-eight he was once more made a widower, and a father to the extent of seventeen children. Unawed Jeremy married again; and at the age of seventy relapsed into widowerhood, his third wife bequeathing to his love twenty-one children. The bone of Jeremy's bone, and the flesh of his flesh had been therefore multiplied into forty-eight. Of the offspring of the first batch he is the great-great-grandfather; of the second the great-grandfather; of the third of course the grandfather. The statistics have credited him with three hundred and twelve as his contribution to posterity. He lives at Hull, England, and is yet fresh and hearty.

The German savant, Falb, has been exciting the greatest alarm among the inhabitants of South America, having predicted an earthquake more severe than that of last year. This alarm has been increased by the fact that some of the German professor's prophecies have been verified, as on the 20th, 21st, and 24th of August several shocks of earthquake were experienced, and at Iquique and Arica the sea receded with great velocity, and afterward returned, causing much damage to small craft near the coast in that locality. All along the sea-shore shocks more or less severe have been experienced, and the consternation caused by them is most intense.

The late gale was disastrous to the oysters. In some beds fully one half were destroyed. At various points the oystermen find their prospective yield sadly interfered with. The wind and tide lifted and transported vast quantities of sand, distributing it over the beds, and completely burying the oysters.



SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT AT NORRISTOWN, PENN. [Photographed by William Stroud.]

SOLDIERS' MONUMENTS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

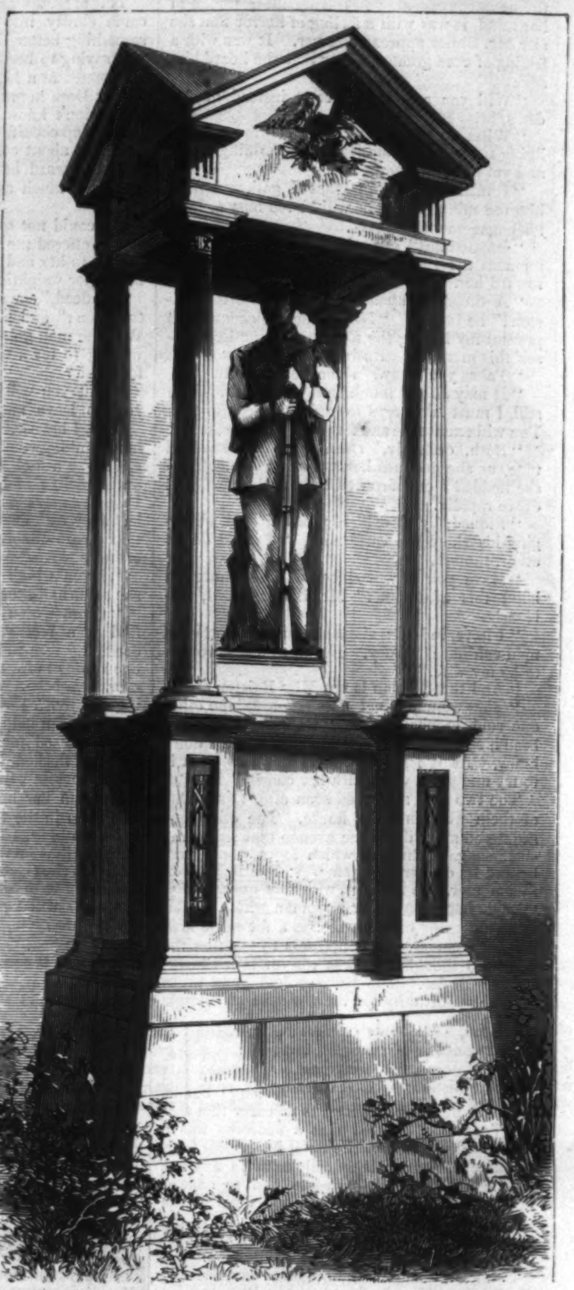
Next to the erection of homes for the widows and children of the soldiers and sailors fallen in the late war, there is no more fitting token of popular gratitude to the patriot dead than the perpetuation of their remembrance by means of monuments. We give on this page illustrations of two such monuments recently erected in Pennsylvania—one in the public square of Norristown, the capital of Montgomery County, the other on the grounds of Girard College, Philadelphia.

The Girard College monument was designed and executed by Struther & Son, of Philadelphia. The sculptor of the statue, Mr. J. A. Bailly, also produced the Washington statue in front of Independence Hall, and the colossal statue of Franklin on the new *Ledger* building in Philadelphia. The statue, six feet in height, and of Italian marble, represents a young private resting on his musket. The canopy is built of sandstone from Ohio, of drab color, the whole block weighing fifteen tons. The height of the entire monument is twenty-two feet; its cost $6000. Each pediment has a bass relief, and on each face of the pedestal there is an appropriate inscription.

The monument at Norristown reflects great credit on its designers and those engaged in its mechanical execution. It has four bases, three of blue marble, and one of white marble, moulded. Next is the die, four feet square and four feet high, on which is engraved the names of five hundred and forty-seven soldiers, all that have been hitherto reported. On this rests an arched cap two feet high. Its lettered sides will tell by whom the monument was erected. Above this cap is a moulded die, two feet five inches high, having on its four sides, in high relief, the coat of arms of Pennsylvania, the coat of arms of the United States, and two wreaths of immortelles whose leaves of oak, laurel, and ivy typify Liberty—the prisoner's pleasing dream—Victory and Friendship—Fidelity in Adversity. One wreath encircles the words, "Our Patriot Dead," the other the prophetic declaration, "The dead shall live." The shaft is fifteen feet high, and two feet four inches square at its base. On its four panels are beautifully-carved representations of the four arms of the service, viz.: Cavalry, Artillery, Infantry, and Navy. The extended wings of the eagle surmounting the monument measure five feet from tip to tip. Norristown is a picturesque town situated on the left bank of the Schuylkill River, ninety-one miles east of Harrisburg. Its population in 1860 numbered 8448.

THE INDIANAPOLIS DISASTER.

In connection with the State Fair at Indianapolis, Indiana, a frightful accident occurred on October 1. The fair had continued for four days under the most auspicious circumstances, when, about four o'clock P.M., just as the thousands of spectators were about to leave the grounds for their homes, a steam-boiler connected with a portable saw-mill exploded. There was a large circle of interested spectators immediately around the machine, when a noise said to have been equal to that of an exploding park of artillery saluted the ear, followed by a volume of steam and a blinding cloud of dust and smoke, while the air was filled with *débris* of timber,



SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT GIRARD COLLEGE, PHILADELPHIA. [Sketched by E. H. Klemroth.]

SCENE OF THE TERRIBLE BOILER EXPLOSION AT THE STATE FAIR, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.—[Photographed by C. Otis and Co.]

THE SACRED BULL AT SERINGHAM, INDIA.—[See Page 679.]

pieces of iron, and shreds of clothing, mingled with the fragments of mangled humanity. A large piece of the boiler, weighing 500 pounds, was carried a distance of a hundred yards, such was the force of the explosion. Then followed the rush of the 15,000 people in that part of the grounds, some striving to escape, and others to reach the scene of the disaster, while many were trampled under foot. So far as could be ascertained there were 27 persons killed by the explosion, and 56 wounded. The number of the wounded, however, is supposed to have been much larger.

Governor Baker's coachman was standing near the horses, while the Governor, in company with Major Walker and Captain De la Hunt, was standing just at the side of the carriage. Mrs. Baker had left the Governor but a short time before, and for half an hour the Governor was in great distress for her safety.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION'S NEW BUILDING, FOURTH AVENUE AND TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK CITY.
Photographed by Rockwood.—[See Page 686.]

The coachman was badly injured. The escape of the Governor and his friends seems miraculous.

Several yards from the scene of disaster was found a pair of legs held together by the merest shred of flesh. At one place was the headless trunk of a man; the arm of a man was found driven into a poplar board; while not far from Power Hall was seen the body of a man so horribly mutilated that his heart, stomach, liver, and lungs could readily be seen. When first discovered his heart was still palpitating, and the motion of the organ was plainly observed.

Our illustration on page 684 represents the scene of the disaster as viewed from Power Hall.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING, NEW YORK.

THE Young Men's Christian Association of New York has been a centre of influences for good that have extended over the entire country. About a year ago this association commenced the erection of a building on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, opposite the Academy of Design. This building, of which we give an illustration on page 685, is now nearly completed, and will probably be opened about the middle of November.

This edifice is in the Renaissance style of architecture. Its frontage on Twenty-third Street is 175 feet, on Fourth Avenue 89 feet; it runs back 100 feet. The basement will be mainly occupied by stores; but there is a gymnasium occupying a portion of it and extending upward so as to include a part of the first story. On the first story there are to be eight stores. The remaining space is occupied by the gymnasium and the entrances, including the entrance to the Lecture Room. The main entrance on Twenty-third Street is twenty-two feet wide.

On the second story there will be the rooms of the Association; namely, the Reception Room, Reading Room, three parlors, Dressing Room, and Wash Room. These are on the left-hand side. Opposite is the Lecture Room, which extends through the third story, and which is capable of seating 1640 persons. The seats in this room are iron chairs. The Secretary's Room also is on the second-floor.

On the third story is a small lecture room, three class rooms, the library, extending through the fourth story, and the entrance to the gallery of the main Lecture Room.

The fourth and fifth stories are occupied by artists' studios, of which, on the fourth-story, there are 16, and on the fifth 20. On the fifth-story there is a picture-gallery, lighted from the roof, for the exhibition of artists' pictures. The height of the building, from foundation to the roof, is 72 feet; the MANSARD roof is 14 feet high, making the total height of the building 86 feet. The central tower on Twenty-third Street, including its base, adds 34 feet to the height. There are also four corner towers, each 8 feet in height. The whole building is to be heated by steam.

The cost of this edifice is $500,000. There is, however, upward of $100,000 still remaining unpaid.

The Library will, when filled to its capacity, contain 60,000 volumes. Every thing will be done by the Association to make this place of resort attractive to young men. Besides the Library, Reading Room, Bath Rooms, and Coffee Rooms, and the pictures of the best artists, there are other important attractions. Among these we may mention a course of twelve lectures to be delivered during the winter by Professor DOREMUS, B. WATERHOUSE HAWKINS, Mr. NOYES, and other gentlemen.

WESTERN FARMS.

FEW of our readers in the East have any adequate conception of the extent of the prairie farms of the West. In a recent issue of the New York *Times* we find the following description of one of these farms:

"While at Jacksonville this week I made myself acquainted with some facts relating to one of our prairie farmers, who occupies a princely estate near that beautiful city, and also has a mammoth cattle-farm of 26,500 acres in Champaign County. It cost him $400,000, and is styled, with much appropriateness, "Broadlands." It is nearly seven miles from north to south, and six from east to west; and its cattle capacity for summer pasturage, when fully grass-stocked, is estimated at 10,000 head. On the west side of the farm are two pastures one and a half miles by three miles, that contain nearly 3000 acres each. To the east of these is a 'patch' of corn half a mile wide and three miles long. On the farm there are 5000 acres in corn, which, it is calculated, will yield, at a low estimate, 250,000 bushels. Of course such a farm as this is worked by the most approved machinery of all descriptions applicable to agricultural labor, much of which is made on the 'place,' as there is a blacksmith shop, as well as a harness and carpenter shop in constant operation. The working-stock consists of fifty yoke of oxen, and fifty spans of horses and mules; and the working force of a superintendent, a general foreman, six assistant foremen, a book-keeper, a baker, a carpenter, a butcher, and about one hundred and fifty other operatives. The head-quarters are in the centre of the farm, and there are six out-stations fully equipped. The average cost of boarding is thirty-five cents per day.

"The farm is divided by two roads, two miles apart, north and south, and one through the centre east and west. These are lined with fifty-four miles of hedge, which was mostly set four years ago. Hedges have been, or are to be, set on every section line. Seventy-five miles were set in the spring of 1868, and twenty-five last spring. These hedges are to supersede the post and board fence, of which there are now eighty miles. This has required about 50,000 posts, 640,000 feet of lumber, and eighty kegs of nails.

"Mr. Alexander is the owner of this farm, and his operations are stated to be, as nearly as practicable, every year, as follows: He first purchases 4000 head of Texas steers, which cost him $140,000; cost of handling, interest, etc., $47,000; making an aggregate of $187,000. His average sales are $70 per head, or $280,000, leaving him a profit of $93,000. The profits upon the grain and other crops of the farm bring the whole up to nearly $200,000, after paying all expenses, and including a rent or interest of $4 per acre on the land."

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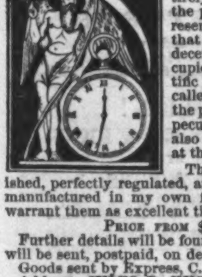

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